

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 2966.—VOL. CVIII.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1896.

WITH SUPPLEMENT SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION.—AN ALARM AT EJUVASSI, ON THE WAY TO COOMASSIE: HOUSSAS TURN OUT TO REPEL A SUPPOSED ATTACK.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Before the world became so highly educated nothing alarmed people so much as thunder; even Augustus Cæsar, we are told, carried about with him the skin of a sea-calf, thought to be a remedy against the contingency; or, if this was omitted, at the first volley of "Heaven's artillery," his imperial Majesty would "retreat into some vaulted place," probably the cellar. Caligula, like some other freethinkers, thought very little of the gods till it began to thunder, when he would hide himself under the bed. One would have thought, however, that in this era of Board Schools there would have been no such fear inspired by noises in the air in any civilised land. Perhaps Spain hardly comes under that description; but the good people of Madrid seem to have been nearly frightened out of their wits by the bursting of an aerolite over their heads, though it occurred in broad daylight. That "in all the schools the pupils threw down their books and made for the doors" is nothing surprising—one has known young gentlemen to evade their lessons upon much less extraordinary grounds; but it must have been strange to see the people jumping out of their first-floor windows to avoid an aerolite. Mr. Tupman's notion of getting assistance by calling "Fire!" when Mr. Pickwick fell through the ice seems the only parallel instance of a mistaken remedy. The inhabitants of the palace were at least as much alarmed as other folks, and here came in the advantages of education, for the King's tutor at once explained to them—doubtless on a black-board with diagrams—the nature of the mysterious occurrence, and "reassured the Court" with the assertion that it was rare.

It is curious that aerolites do not fall like the rain, upon the just and the unjust, but on nobody. Hitherto, at all events, they have confined themselves to quite unpopulated districts, and have buried themselves in the earth, on one occasion as deep as a foot and a half, with a diameter of three feet. This particular trifle weighed fifty-six pounds, and is now to be seen in the Natural History Museum. If it had hit anybody he would never have known it. As the navy observed of his fist, where an aerolite hits "it makes a hole." So constant was the abstention of these formidable missiles from violence to the person that for many generations the idea of their coming from above was never entertained. Now they have taken to falling on capital towns they will be much more respected. They are always falling—about seven million a day or so we are told—but dissolve in dust long before they reach the earth. This Madrid one burst in the air close, so to speak, to home. The institution of bombs among us had, perhaps, excited its ambition.

There has been a burglary in the suburbs of the fine old-fashioned kind, except that it was at nine o'clock, which shows a new and wholesome regard for early hours; there were three masked men, not only with "crowbars and other sedatives," but with revolvers. Their brutality was quite equal to that of any of their forerunners, but one of them at all events must have had a certain sense of conscientiousness "under the mud." His dialect was similar to that we are now accustomed to associate with our most popular novelists. "I am a Scotchman," he said, putting his pistol to the head of the jeweller; "but I must murder you unless you give me your money." The victim at once perceived the cogency of this statement and delivered up his goods; but it is evident that we have here one of Mr. Gilbert's cracksmen in real life. When this enterprising burglar was not burgling, he must have loved to hear some little brook a-gurgling, as he mixed its waters with his whisky; and even when pursuing his nefarious profession he could not resist the temptation of drawing attention to the national morality.

Burglars have more than once shown signs of a repentant spirit. When one of them threatened to blow out the brains of Leonard Fell, the Quaker, unless he gave up his purse, that gentleman said, "Do not blow; though I would rather not give my life for my money, yet peradventure I would give it to save thy soul." This so affected the robber that he retreated, muttering, like Mr. Toots, that it (not his soul, but his request) was of no consequence. A still more striking case is that of the burglar whom the old lady discovered, without his knowing it, under her bed. Instead of saying, as another lady did under similar circumstances, "You are the man I have been looking for all my life" (for she had always made a point of seeing that nobody was there), she said nothing but her prayers, and those aloud, taking care to pray especially for any misguided person who might be contemplating the crime of burglary. The robber was so touched with this (thinking it was the good lady's usual habit) that he took himself off without taking anything else. The Salvation Army also, I am told, comprises several excellent burglars, but they are understood to have permanently retired from the profession (though cynics say only for the summer months), and to live on their—well, on their savings.

It is generally understood that novels "with a purpose" are of a modern date, and that a certain element of seriousness, not to say of dullness, must needs

attach to them. This is even said of Dickens's novels, or at least of those parts of them which deal with abuses—such as the Circumlocution Office. Novelists themselves are most disinclined to admit that they have any particular purpose in their works beyond that of "increasing the sum of human happiness," by which they mean our amusement. Who would have expected to find a novelist "with a purpose" in the author of "Midshipman Easy"? I took it up the other day and was as charmed with its freshness and high spirits as I was fifty years ago; but how different the same book strikes you when read in maturity from its effect in early youth! The two epochs have each their advantages: in the former you are attentive, for attention in reading has become a habit; in the latter you skim. That is one of the reasons why what is coarse in literature slips from the mind of boyhood like water from a duck's back. I am surprised to find how exceedingly coarse "Midshipman Easy" is at times, and still more so to recognise the practical objects it has in view. Marryat, indeed, takes himself very seriously. It must not, he says, be supposed that he only sits down to make his reader laugh; for he deliberately selects this light and trifling species of writing to inculcate wholesome advice. If he makes his officers indulge in "cursory expressions" it is to show what ill taste it is for those in authority to swear at their juniors, and how unpopular it makes both them and the service. "I would never interfere with a man for d—g his own eyes, but I deny the right of his d—g those of another." It was, even in the old days, contrary to the articles of war to use abusive language to an inferior, but the habit was almost universal. If the inferior used it he was punished with the utmost severity. What in the captain was but a choleric word was in the middy rank blasphemy. Marryat writes with pardonable pride that his writings did much to improve the manners of the service. In "The King's Own" a captain, when requested to punish a man on the spot for some fault, replies that he never inflicts punishment until twenty-four hours after the offence, that anger may not induce him to be more severe than in his cooler moments he would think commensurate. "Soon after the publication of that book an order was given by the Admiralty forbidding punishment until a certain time after the offence, and I had the pleasure of knowing from the First Lord that it was in consequence of the suggestion in the novel." In all the discussions about the "story with a purpose," I do not remember Marryat's name having been mentioned. It was an important omission on the part of the advocates of that species of fiction, since what he himself admits to have been the object of his stories certainly never detracted from their excellence.

A man sent his wife the other day to a working man's club for a pot of beer, and the manager has been fined for selling drink to a non-member. The lady was naturally indignant, and inquired whether her impression that man and wife were one was incorrect. The magistrate said that they were not always one. On the other hand, in the same week, a husband was declared to be answerable for his wife on this very account. "But we are not one," he said, "we are ten; she is the one and I am the nought." This reminds one of George Selwyn's description of a tall, thin man of his acquaintance with a fat wife and a crooked little daughter. The assembled family always made him think of 10½d.

At last a Judge has spoken from the bench about the homicides that happen weekly and almost daily from the fools who play with fire, who joke with guns. Within the last ten days or so, a father has killed a son, and a brother his sister, by presenting guns, which they supposed to be unloaded, at them "for fun." His Lordship is of opinion that anyone who indulges in this form of practical joking should henceforth be fined, whether harm comes of his folly or not. If property were endangered instead of life there would be, we may be well assured, no option of a fine; but still it is something to have a judicial opinion in favour of some punishment, however inadequate, for the practice. It is amazing that such things have so long been permitted to occur without even a word of authoritative reprobation. Of course it is only fools that do them—persons who have no more real sense of humour than Hottentots or earthmen; but what is all this talk about education worth if even the lowest intellect cannot be taught that it is not amusing to point a gun at a fellow-creature and say "I'll shoot you"? It is the outcome of a certain relish for fun that is implanted in every human breast, but which no effort is made to control or guide. In a slightly higher grade of intelligence there are people who ask their friends ancient conundrums—when a door is not a door, and the like. These are capable of making the merriest individuals melancholy, but they do not riddle them with small shot. Surely the gun-trick idiots can be educated in humour up to this very low standard! Even if, after the Ten Commandments, children were taught in the Board Schools: "Thou shalt not point a gun at thy father or mother, or sister or brother," that would make for safety at least for the next generation. The songs of the music-halls tell us how desperately low is the sense of fun in its audiences, but there is evidently a much lower class than that. Is this beyond the plummet of the missionary of humour? At all events, as people who cannot be taught the difference between right and

wrong are kept straight by fear of punishment, these homicidal jokers may surely be restrained by the same means.

It is said of a sheep's head by its admirers that there is a great deal of "promiscuous feeding" about it, and the same observation, with the substitution of reading for feeding, can be applied to "The Wood of the Brambles." In its form it is an historical novel, dealing with the Irish Rebellion, but it has scarcely story enough to hold the chapters together, while sometimes we are under the impression that we are perusing a jest-book. The hero, who is not the least like one, is a young baronet, Sir Dominick Davern, whose aim seems to be always a boy. He has had a singular bringing up. While he is very small, his grandfather, Sir Malachi, has withdrawn his favour from him in consequence of somebody having suggested that he had got to be at an age when he might be injured by the songs sung in the dining-room. "The boy has become sulky and stupid," he would say. "Sir, it is a degenerate time." In the morning hours, Sir Malachi would be found by the servants sober and singing at the head of the table, and vainly endeavouring to arouse his guests to join in the chorus; but as they were limp in their chairs, or on the floor, he had to undertake it himself. His visitors spent the mornings on horseback, and the rest of the day in the dining-room. "Nobody used the bed-rooms much; it was considered more sociable to sleep at the table or under it." One of the guests falls forward and dies in his seat, whereat Sir Malachi laughs and compares him with John the Baptist with his head in a dish. Nothing in Dean Ramsey's stories comes up to the Baronet's extravagant and remorseless humour. An intoxicated visitor burns the house down; but a trifle of that kind is not allowed to interfere with the hilarity of the evening, and the host and his guests have their table out on the terrace and drink as they watch the flames. It was a mad world, but undoubtedly an amusing one: the mixture of savagery and humour is amazing, yet not without its likeness to the Ireland, or some parts of it, of to-day. There is one of the "dark men," as the blind are called in Ireland, who can challenge comparison with Stevenson's creation in "Treasure Island," but who has the saving grace of wit. There is also a pathetic touch about him: though a "dark man," he does not love the night—

"There ought to be torches in the black o' the lane," said Jacob. "It is cold in the dark."

"And yet you tramp in the night," said Shamus, as we went to the hill.

"If I walk to a distance, for I want to avoid the gentry, who go ridin' and dhruvin as if they were mad, instead o' thravellin' easily like respectable folk. An' 'tis annoyin' to hear a man comin', an' not know who he is. Some will go along without speakin', though they know I am wondherin' who they are; an' I think—'Who is that scounthrel, an' why wouldn't he talk? Maybe he heard somethin' against me.' But in the village I know the steps of the neighbours. An' even if I walk I can feel the shadows, an' hurry out of them quickly. An' I hate the dawn, for the whole world is a-tremble, as if it had no right to be lookin'. But why should I be afraid that am dark? An' the leaves shiver an' say, 'God pity us all! for the day of Misfortune begins!' But, in no time, the sun is out, and they titter, 'Who cares for that old Misfortune? It isn't comin' yet, after all.'"

Wit, always of the Irish kind, is scattered broadcast throughout this singular story, which would be admirable if it were not so disconnected and abrupt as to resemble a kaleidoscope: the chapters seem to obliterate one another; it is like reading by flashes of lightning. But there are scenes that are grim enough, whether they are the judicial murders of the court-martial or the less legalised butcheries of the rebel camp. The disinclination of everybody amid these scenes of slaughter and rapine to talk about disagreeable things is most curious, but doubtless well founded on facts. They are only serious—and sometimes intensely cruel—by fits and starts. Whenever the hero's stately friend Con-sadine drinks port he has an attack of gout; but it is bad manners to say so. "Hurt your ankle again, Sir?" I would say. "It is quite painful, my dear lad," he would answer; "really these steps must be mended." It would seem that before Sir Malachi's time there were even more amazing persons, such as Hannibal Ram—

If Hannibal went out of the gates of Ramsfort, he drove in a coach-and-six, with three footmen runnin' on each side to call out "Way! way! way for Mither Ram!" He was solemn an' big, an' looked as wise as a bull as he listened to the shouts of his men; though there was no one to hear, except the crows that kept cryin' "What? What? What?" as if they were surprised at the fuss. If there was a cart in the road, the footmen would tumble it into the ditch. "If you see the Ram comin'," the peasants said, "you will find the shortest way home is to get over the wall!" "The Great Ram of Gorey" was what they called him, because he hated any pun on his name. It was his own brother, Bartholomew Ram of Ramsgrange by Ballyhack, that destroyed Caesar Colclough of Tintern for speakin' of ramifications of pedigree. After that, no one would ever talk about sheep to him.

Sir Tim Desmond, an old friend of the hero's, runs Sir Malachi hard in the way of eccentricity; he incidentally confesses that it was he who burnt Davernmore and deprived his young friend of his family seat. "You burnt the house, Sir?" cried I. "You?" cried Agatha. "I cannot say I am surprised," said the rector. "No doubt you had a reason, my dear friend," said Theophilus. "But he had had no reason, being drunk." "No one found me out," said Sir Tim. "I never am found out except when I do nothing at all." Before I read this book I never thoroughly understood the meaning of the expression "racy of the soil."

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

I have been hammering away for very many years on the subject of voice-production on the stage. Certain it is—and on this point contradiction is impossible—that the young actor and actress of to-day are lamentably ignorant of what the French call "l'art de dire." They imagine they can go on the stage and address an audience in the same tones they would use at a dinner-party or a crush. The result is lamentable. It does not so much matter what is the cause of this mumbling and clipping of sentences and speaking without opening the mouth, as the fact that it is a deplorable reality. I was taken the other day to a lovely house very near Piccadilly. My hostess was the daughter of a beautiful lady once celebrated in the dramatic world, and there and then in the drawing-room of this mansion I listened with both ears to a lecture—interesting, practical, scientific, and convincing—on my favourite hobby of voice-production. When I was introduced to the young and cultured lecturer, who certainly knows more about the human throat, the palate, the air-passages, and so on than the majority of certificated doctors, I found to my great joy that this "young Daniel" who had come to judgment was none other than the son of my dear old friend Henry Russell, the author of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," and innumerable ballads for the people, who proved long before I was born that he possessed not only the art of speaking but the art of singing as well. No song is really well sung unless it is well spoken, and only those who have ever heard a song delivered by such artists as Henry Russell—hearty and well again, thank God!—Billy Wrighton—alas! no more—or Miss Poole—as well as ever she was in her life—have any idea what expression in singing means. Young Henry Russell, who is a veritable "chip of the old block," told us very frankly that the errors in voice-production were just as patent in the musical as in the dramatic world; but he assured his audience that he had no more power to make an actor or make a singer than he had to jump over the moon. But what he could do was to assist the possessor of a voice in restoring it to the use for which nature had intended it. The majority of people who go on the stage have capital voices; but they do not know how to use them.

A few nights after hearing this lecture on elocution I had the pleasure of attending a very interesting entertainment in aid of the poor of Westminster at the Westminster Town Hall, organised for many years past by the kindly, charitable, and philanthropic sisters, Mary and Kate Rorke. Now here we had by an odd accident an object lesson in the art of elocution. I wish not only that Mr. Henry Russell could have been present, but many more who keep wondering what one means when this elocutionary deficiency is so insisted on. Among the entertainers on this occasion were, in the dramatic world, Mrs. Bancroft, Mr. James Fernandez, and Miss Kate Rorke; in the musical world Miss Alice Esty and Mr. Jack Robertson; and, in addition to these, there was a highly cultured and talented amateur actress, who for many reasons shall be nameless on this occasion. Now I do not suppose that better elocution all round has ever been heard than on this memorable evening. First came Mrs. Bancroft, with her exquisite silvery voice and her incomparable method. Then came Mr. James Fernandez, who showed the young school what the old school taught. His style has a hall-mark. No teaching in the world could produce the method of James Fernandez. It is born, not made; but at the same time it would be idle to deny that an experienced actor like this has not sucked in and studied and lingered with appreciation on the methods of his predecessors. We men and women are curiously imitative creatures. We do not know when, how, or where we do imitate; but the imitation is there. The ear is everything in art. We sing by ear, we compose by ear, we write by ear. Ear is style. What we call style in composition is simply an educated ear. I don't suppose Mrs. Bancroft was ever taught elocution, and I don't suppose that Mr. James Fernandez ever went to an elocution master in his life. But their ears, in addition to their natural intelligence, were quick to gather, collect, and appreciate. They began to speak well on the stage when they had listened well. Take the younger school. Miss Kate Rorke and her companion in so many plays, Mr. Forbes-Robertson, have cultivated ears. Their diction is delightful. And if I may speak of the musical art, I may say that the method in singing of Miss Alice Esty and Mr. Jack Robertson is to me quite delightful. Again, when I take the case of the amateur actress who must not be mentioned. Nature has given to her also a powerful organ of sound; but what has given to her the extraordinary facility of producing that voice with full effect? Not training, not schooling, not teaching, not drudging, but what I may call the "artistic instinct." Just as I write with an ear, balancing and forming and polishing my sentences by a certain imitative faculty that I happen to possess, so she with her artistic instinct and her mimetic gift acquires "l'art de dire." When we go to the theatre we are also always listening. The impressionable artist never forgets what she or he has heard. And I am certain that the elocutionary art of Mrs. Bancroft, James Fernandez, Forbes-Robertson, and many more is derived from application and imitation more than from study. You cannot teach style. You can improve it.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

NEW ASSOCIATES OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, one of the two newly elected Associates of the Royal Academy, was born in Southwark thirty-six years ago, and embarked upon his artistic education at Heatherley's School at the age of sixteen, subsequently entering the Academy Schools. His studies at these institutions filled some three years of his life, and then, by the introduction of Prince Lucien Bonaparte, he entered Cabanel's studio in Paris. Later on he went to Munich and other centres of artist life on the Continent, and then returned to England to exhibit the first picture, a portrait, by which he was represented at the Royal Academy. Mr. Solomon then made a tour through Spain and Morocco in company with Mr. Arthur Hacker, after which he rejoined Cabanel in Paris, and exhibited in the Salon. He first came into prominence at the Academy with his "Cassandra" and "Samson and Delilah," which have been succeeded by a number of presentations of classical and other subjects, most of them characterised by a certain originality of treatment. He has recently won some distinction in another line by his striking portraits of Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Mr. Zangwill, and in last year's Academy his versatility was illustrated by the contrast between his classical "Echo and Narcissus" and his charming child-portrait of Miss Lucy Ingram.

Mr. Edwin Austin Abbey, the elder of the two new Associates of the Royal Academy, was famous as a black-and-white artist some time before he sought distinction as a painter. He is a native of Philadelphia, and was born in 1852. He studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and at nineteen years of age began to draw for Messrs. Harper's publications. The delicate beauty of Mr. Abbey's work, much of which first appeared in the pages of *Harper's Magazine*, soon won him a wide reputation. His



NEW ASSOCIATES OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

illustrations to Herrick's poems, to "She Stoops to Conquer," and to many of Shakspeare's plays, together with his numerous charming studies of country life and scenery, have made his name a household word. His most notable achievement as a painter is the series of pictures on the subject of the "Morte d'Arthur," which he was commissioned to paint for the Boston Free Library. These were painted at the studio which Mr. Abbey has built for himself at Fairford in Gloucestershire, and were exhibited at the Nineteenth Century Gallery. Mr. Abbey is a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours.

THE FOX AND CROWN, HIGHGATE.

On the West Hill of Highgate, a little above the entrance to Holly Lodge, the seat of Lady Burdett-Coutts, is an old-fashioned tavern of rustic appearance, standing back from the road, which is associated with a personal adventure that happened to her Majesty Queen Victoria a few days after her accession to the throne. It was on July 6, 1837, when the Queen, then eighteen years of age, was enjoying a carriage drive with her mother, the Duchess of Kent, and had come up to Highgate for the kind purpose of visiting an old servant living there who was ill, that the royal ladies were brought into a situation of considerable danger, near the summit of the hill, which is exceedingly steep. This was occasioned by the pair of ponies which drew their chaise taking fright, and starting off rapidly downward. The landlord of the Fox and Crown, perceiving what had happened, ran into the road and seized the reins, bringing the animals to a stop, when the driver had lost control over them. He then assisted her Majesty and the Duchess of Kent to alight, and conducted them into his house, and upstairs to the front room over the bar-parlour, where they rested while some needful readjustment of the harness was made. At the same time a wheelwright was sent for to examine the wheels, which had struck against the stone curbing of the road, or against a post or some other obstacle. The favour of permission to display the Royal Arms, with the Crown supported by the Lion and Unicorn, was granted to the tavern-keeper in acknowledgment of this assistance. He afterwards caused a metal plate, with an engraved record of the event, to be affixed to the plain wooden chair in which the Queen sat nearly half an hour. That old landlord of the Fox and Crown has long been dead, but his successors, who are not of his kindred, have preserved these memorials with due care and respect.

THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION.

There is little or nothing further to be related of the incidents of the late military expedition to Coomassie; but the sketches of our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright, will be worth preserving as illustrative of any complete official or historical narrative that may hereafter be published. All the officers and soldiers who went out from England to join in this brief and bloodless yet arduous campaign through a tropical forest country may soon be expected to arrive home, with the few sorrowful exceptions which will occur to every mind, the first of all those to be lamented being the late Prince Henry of Battenberg. The Governor of Cape Coast Castle, Mr. Maxwell, C.M.G., is now engaged in settling the political and administrative conditions of the Ashanti territory.

SPANISH ART AT THE NEW GALLERY.

The golden age of Spanish art, so far as it relates to painting, begins and ends with the seventeenth century. At the time when the forces of the Italian Renaissance were almost spent, those of the Spanish Renaissance began to manifest themselves. But in Spain art was before all things devout and orthodox. The country, the peasantry, the customs, which have furnished to English and foreign artists innumerable subjects full of life, colour, and picturesqueness, were scarcely noticed by its own painters. Murillo painted the beggar boys of Seville and Madrid, but one feels that these were, for the most part, studies which would be worked into his religious paintings; and doubtless others may have used their opportunities in like fashion, although no traces of such secular works have survived. For example, Francisco Ribalta, during his years of training in Italy, must have been often tempted to paint after the more natural fashion which the "humanists" of Florence and Rome had adopted. Ribalta—like Quentin Matsys, the blacksmith of Antwerp—and Antonio Solario, the blacksmith of the Abruzzi—won his bride by his brush. He is seen in this country at his best at Magdalen College,

where there is a picture of the same subject as that here engraved, but somewhat differently treated. Antonio del Rincon, who has been called the father of Spanish painting, was the contemporary of Columbus. He deserves recognition especially for having been the first to cast away the traditions of the old Gothic style, with its hard outlines and conventional colouring. His reputation rests chiefly upon the decorations of the church of Robledo, where he has depicted in seventeen scenes the life of the Virgin. Juan Carreño, on the other hand, marks the beginning of the end of painting in the Iberian Peninsula. The most sympathetic of all Spanish painters after Velasquez and Murillo, he is at his best when following in their footsteps. Some of Carreño's portraits are marked by a realism which could be scarcely flattering to his sitters, but in the instance here given there is no reason to suppose that he was other-

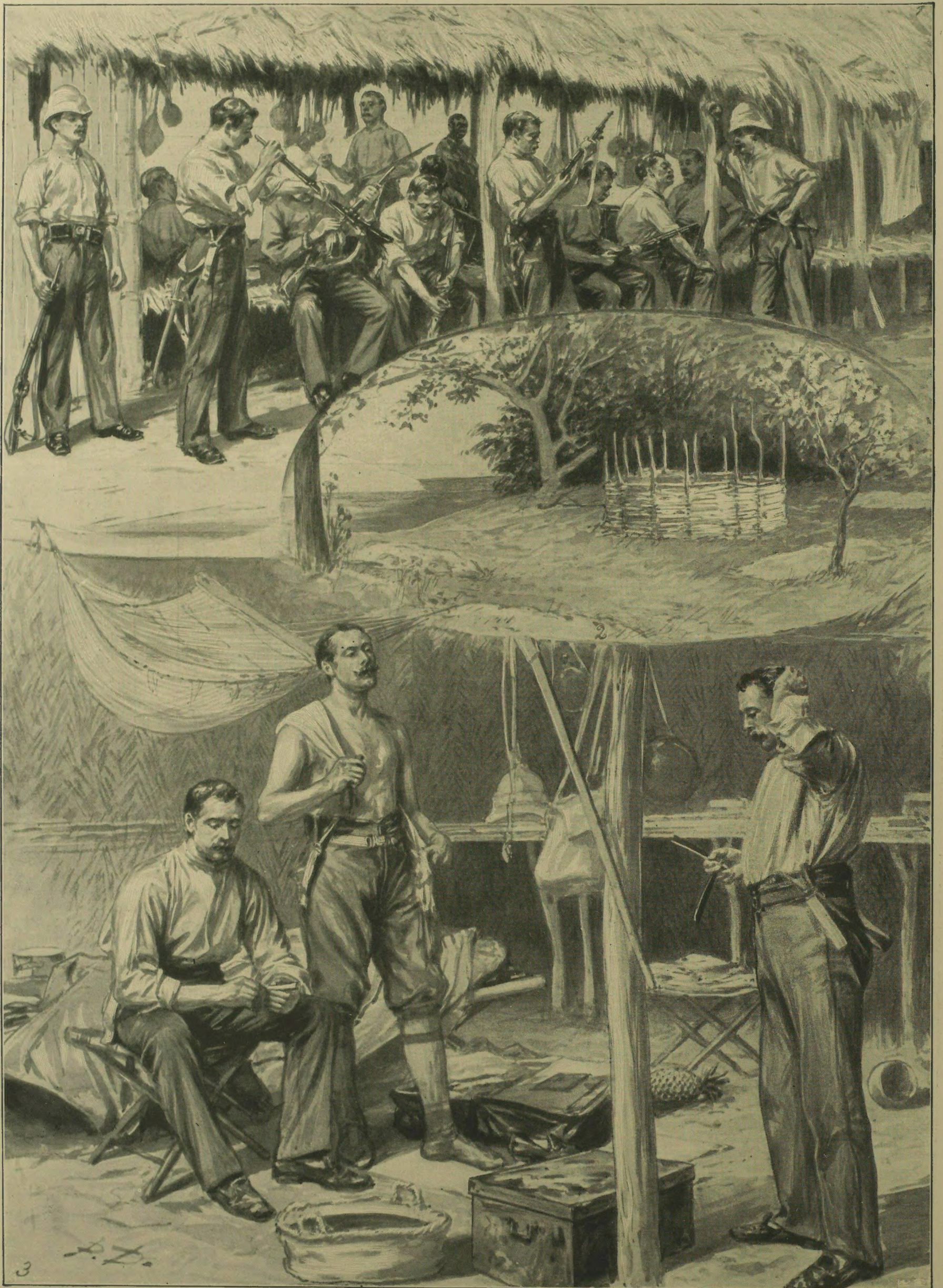
wise than truthful. It is especially marked by the influence of Van Dyck, or perhaps by the advice of Rubens, who had visited the Court of Madrid when Carreño was still a Painter-in-Ordinary to Philip IV. Of Velasquez and Murillo it is unnecessary to say anything. Their fame is "writ large" in their works and their stories.

"ONE OF THE BEST," AT THE ADELPHI.

The stirring military play "One of the Best," the joint work of Mr. Seymour Hicks and Mr. George Edwards, which is drawing all playgoing London to the Adelphi Theatre, could not easily have been produced at a time more propitious to its success than the present. The alarms and excursions which ushered in the new year inflamed the patriotic Briton's spirit with martial zeal, and though the outlook of English interests abroad is no longer as clouded as it was, a keen and healthy interest in all things military still prevails. Moreover, Mr. William Terriss has seldom been seen to greater advantage than as the wrongfully accused officer who is degraded from the service. On another page our Artist has depicted the picturesque scene wherein the hero's innocence is proclaimed to the world and he is reinstated in his honours. One of the smaller sketches represents the villain and his unhappy accomplice in the act of stealing the documents relating to the defence of England which the hero is accused of selling to the enemy. The third sketch shows Private Jupp and his sweetheart, two minor characters who, in the experienced hands of Mr. Harry Nicholls and Miss Vane Featherston, supply some extremely bright comedy.

OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE TRANSVAAL.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, at Johannesburg and Pretoria, has since the last days of December supplied an abundance of sketches representing, with equal vivacity and graphic fidelity or accuracy, the scenes and incidents that took place during the agitation there, before and after the conflicts with Dr. Jameson's troops at Krugersdorp and Doornkop, as well as the actual encounter, and the surrender and imprisonment of those engaged in that unlucky expedition. We present some additional illustrations, which refer to events so fresh in the remembrance of our readers that they scarcely need here to be further explained.



1. Cleaning Arms after the Day's March. 2. Major Ferguson's Grave. 3. Officers' Quarters: Relaxation after a long March.

THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION: WITH THE SPECIAL SERVICE CORPS ON THE WAY TO COOMASSIE.

From Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.



OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE TRANSVAAL.

Facsimile Sketch.

A number of the members of the Johannesburg Reform Committee who were released from jail immediately repaired to the chief club in Pretoria, where they received a boisterous welcome from their friends. Mr. Lionel Phillips, Mr. Farrar, Mr. Fitzpatrick, and Colonel Rhodes have now been released on bail as the result of the negotiations of Mr. Chamberlain, whose explanations to the House of Commons have appeased the resentment caused by his dispatch, and have given general satisfaction in Pretoria.

PERSONAL.

The Sultan has a pretty humour. The contents of Blue-Books are not usually diverting, but Sir Philip Currie's account of the interview in which he strove to persuade the Sultan that massacre and misgovernment were rampant in the Ottoman Empire is highly entertaining. The Sultan met every statement with a polite negative. No Armenians could have been killed or maltreated or imprisoned without reason. His Majesty had given strict injunctions to the contrary. The British Ambassador suggested that the humane intentions of the Sultan might not have been acted upon by subordinate officials; but the Khaliph shook his head and was quite unmoved. Everybody in his dominions would be perfectly happy if it were not for the meddlesome interference of outsiders. Reiteration of that belief in various forms was all the Ambassador could get from this astute Oriental.

Much annoyance has been caused to the German Emperor by anonymous letters from England. It may be hoped that the Kaiser will not attribute these to the native ill-breeding of the English people. There is a class of persons in every country who cannot refrain from expressing themselves in this fashion whenever they are excited by public events. Public men in England are always bombarded by anonymous scribbles who have neither sense nor manners. The Kaiser must not imagine that he is the only victim.

The rumours that Dr. Nansen has reached the North Pole and is on his return journey are not generally regarded as convincing, though they are not inherently improbable. The British Consul at Archangel believes the story, but it is suggested that he has no better means of information than people in London. Further, it is objected that as Dr. Nansen's purpose was to cross the Pole from Asia to America, news of his success ought to come from Greenland and not from Siberia. However, there is no foundation at present except for mere surmise. A Siberian trader is reported to have brought the news, but judgment is still in suspense.

Dr. Peter Bayne, who died suddenly last week, was an author and journalist of considerable activity. He was born at Fodderty, Ross-shire, in 1830, and educated at Aberdeen, where he had a distinguished University career. He became editor of the Glasgow publication, the *Commonwealth*, and subsequently succeeded Hugh Miller as editor of the *Edinburgh Witness*. Later on, in London, Dr.

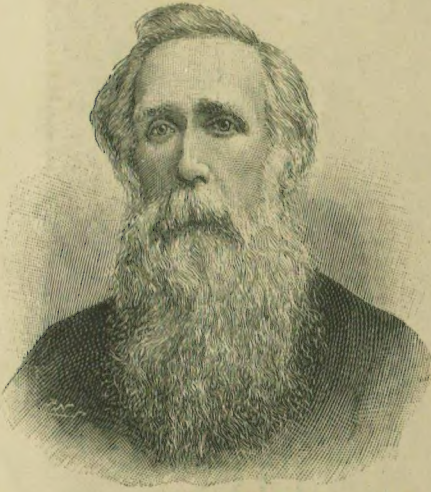


Photo Martin and Salluon, Strand.
THE LATE DR. PETER BAYNE, LL.D.

Bayne was successively editor of the *Dial*, the *Weekly Review*, and the *Literary World*. During many years he was one of the staff of the *Christian World*, for which he did much important work. Dr. Bayne was also a frequent contributor to most of the chief reviews; and his publications in volume form include "The Christian Life in the Present Time" (1855), "The Life of Hugh Miller," and "The Chief Actors in the Puritan Revolution."

Sir John Millais has been unanimously elected President of the Royal Academy in succession to Sir Frederick Leighton. Thus is fulfilled to the letter Thackeray's famous prediction: "Millais, my boy, there's a versatile young dog named Leighton who will be President before you are." There is a suggestion that, out of respect to the late President's memory, the usual Academy banquet in May should not take place.

London dogs are muzzled at last, and the police and the magistrates are overwhelmed with care. It is impossible to persuade some dog-owners that a muzzle is necessary for the public safety, or that it is anything but the invention of ignorant faddists. So citizens are haled before the magistrates to explain why their dogs have no muzzles, and they try the forbearance of the Bench by offering the flimsiest excuses. As for the police, who have to chase unmuzzled dogs, their lot, as Mr. Gilbert once remarked with deep feeling, is not a happy one.

The Oxford University Dramatic Society this year fell back on a revival of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," one of the most successful of its past productions, and the delightful comedy has just accomplished a very prosperous week's run. The play was mounted with most noteworthy taste, the scenery including several remarkably picturesque sets. The acting revealed a good deal of artistic perception and some marked ability. Mr. Hearn's Falstaff was a very good performance, full of unctuous humour combined with a certain distinction that bespoke the knight even in his maddest pranks. Mr. Croker-King gave a quaint rendering of the part of Slender, playing with much fantastic humour. Most of the other parts were cleverly played, and the ensemble was admirably spirited. The whole production met with well deserved commendation, even from the critical.

Mr. Sexton adheres to his resolve not to re-enter political life. He has stated this determination in a letter to Mr. Healy, who had personally appealed to him to reconsider his decision. Mr. Sexton contrasts Mr. Healy's smooth friendliness with the personal attacks of Mr. Healy's paper, the *Irish Catholic*. While Mr. Healy is assuring Mr. Sexton of the loyal co-operation of all the members of the Nationalist party if he will accept the chairmanship, the *Irish Catholic* denounces Mr. Sexton as a schemer, and

accuses him of fraud. It is not surprising that this purely Hibernian notion of loyal co-operation does not tempt Mr. Sexton to assume the cares and responsibilities that others wish to thrust upon him.

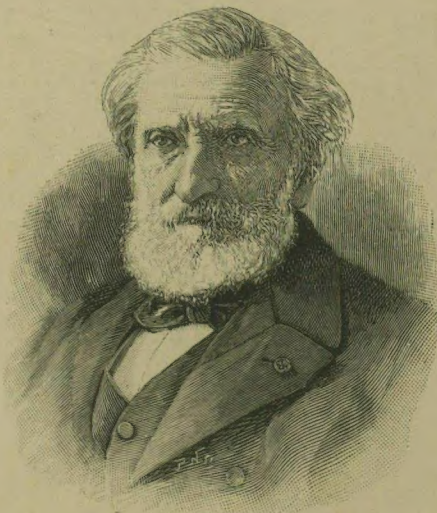
In view of Mr. Sexton's resolute refusal to accept the Chairmanship of the Irish Nationalist Party in the House of Commons, that body is to be congratulated on its election of Mr. John Dillon by a substantial majority. It is true that Mr. Dillon's accession to the office does not at the moment make for that internal unity of the party which the Nationalists might be supposed to desire. Mr. Dillon was born in 1851, being the second son of the late Mr. John Blake Dillon, some time member for Tipperary, and one of the rebels of 1848. At Dublin University he distinguished himself as a mathematician, but subsequently took up medicine and became a licentiate of the Irish Royal College of Surgeons. He represented Tipperary in the House of Commons from 1880 to 1883, during which period he was one of the most energetic of Mr. Parnell's followers, being the first of the party to incur the famous suspension in 1881. In 1885 he was returned for East Mayo. The courage of his convictions has more than once set Mr. Dillon in prison. His escape of 1890, when he forfeited his bail and fled to America on a lecturing tour, and his subsequent return and surrender, are still fresh in the history of Irish politics. He has been an Anti-Parnellite since 1891. Mr. Dillon's strong personality and the high seriousness of his aims make his appointment to the Irish Leadership a promising one. He has already proved himself to be possessed of some, at least, of the qualities that make a statesman. Mr. Dillon is a man of much general culture, and a literary taste which has won him the friendship of Mr. George Meredith and other English men of letters.



Photo Russell and Sons.
MR. JOHN DILLON, M.P.,
The New Irish Leader.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company gave its last London matinée at Daly's Theatre on Saturday, Feb. 15. On the whole, we have to record an emphatic artistic success. The performances of "Hänsel and Gretel" were probably the best of the series. Miss Minnie Hunt was a charming and delightful Gretel, and Miss Edith Miller's interpretation of the witch, well known as it is, was no less fine than before. In its performances of Wagner's operas, the company was perhaps not so uniformly successful. The third presentation of "Tannhäuser" was, however, capital, with Mr. E. C. Hedmond in the title part. "Carmen," with Mdlle. de Lussan, is always acceptable; and Miss Ella Russell certainly increased her reputation as a dramatic singer in the various parts which she undertook. On the whole, the season was highly successful.

M. Charles Louis Ambroise Thomas, whose death is announced, was a composer of great merit, though not perhaps of the first rank.



THE LATE M. AMBROISE THOMAS.

music of which he was an accomplished student. But, like Meyerbeer, he had the knack of disguising his want of imagination. Personally, M. Thomas was a fine man, tall, with a white beard, and of a good presence, and he always looked well among the Conservatoire jury. His occasional addresses at the Institute of France were pure in style and delivered with readiness. His connection with the Conservatoire was long and creditable, but if the truth must be told, his importance there, at least in later years, was more apparent than real. But he was the right man in the right place. M. Jules Simon, then Minister of Public Instruction, said to him in his letter announcing the appointment, "You are so obviously fitted for the office of Director of the Conservatoire that if I did not nominate you I should be seeming to be signing your dismissal from a post already yours." M. Thomas will be remembered chiefly for "Mignon" and "Hamlet." He arranged "Mignon" for grand opera, and it was performed at the Baden Theatre by some of the first singers of the day. His "Hamlet" has been a success not only in France, but all over Europe and the United States.

At the Popular Concerts, held as usual at St. James's Hall, on Monday, Feb. 17, Herr Joachim made his reappearance, amid the customary showers of congratulation. One annual greeting which we have so often witnessed before was—alas!—not to be. There was no shaking of hands, at the interval, between Lord Leighton and the great violinist. Herr Joachim opened the concert by joining with MM. Ries, Gibson, and Piatti in playing Beethoven's exquisite Quartet in E minor, a work which must ever rank among the very finest of that great artist's compositions. For his solo appearance, Herr Joachim played the Adagio in E minor from Spohr's Eleventh Concerto for Violin with Pianoforte Accompaniment. His playing was at its best—sweet, resonant, and full of fine musical sentiment; for an encore he played, with his celebrated facility, a selection from Bach. At the same concert Miss Fanny Davies played Brahms' very magnificent, but rather portentous "Clavierstücke," and Mr. Hugo Heinz sang a Rubinstein and a Chaminade with fidelity and much emotion.

The Crystal Palace concerts were resumed, after the customary Christmas recess, under the direction of Mr. August Manns, on Saturday, Feb. 15. The fact that Wagner died thirteen years ago on Feb. 13 gave the opportunity of producing works by that master as the staple of the programme. The concert began with the overture to "Rienzi," a work which, impressive at the beginning, ends in a hopeless whirlwind of vulgarity. As a set-off, Mr. Manns's orchestra played immediately afterwards the magnificent prelude to "Parsifal," the flower-like refinement of which is never for a moment clouded. The Symphony was Beethoven's Seventh in A major, and was played with a precision, an energy, and an insight which even Mr. Manns has very rarely surpassed. The violinist was Herr Willy Burmester, who, with his fine even touch and splendid ear, played a Spohr Concerto for violin and orchestra with infinite distinction. Later in the afternoon he exploded the customary Paganini fireworks with all his usual success. The concert closed with a performance of Wagner's "Kaisermarsch."

PARLIAMENT.

The debate on the Address has been fruitful in surprises. First was the astonishing fact that Mr. Labouchere withdrew an amendment. As a rule, the member for Northampton is unaffected by the blandishments of Ministers; but this time he yielded a point in deference to Mr. Chamberlain. The circumstances were certainly peculiar. Mr. Labouchere liberated his soul on one of his favourite grievances—the Chartered Company of South Africa. Mr. Chamberlain made a speech in which he admitted an error—the premature publication of his dispatch to Sir Hercules Robinson, proposing Home Rule for the Rand. The Colonial Secretary never gave a more remarkable proof of his personal ascendancy than in his frank confession that his attempt to "diplomatisation on a new method" had not been rewarded with success. Mr. Kruger had resented the publication of the dispatch before he had time to consider its proposals. And yet Mr. Labouchere withdrew his amendment! Mr. Chamberlain made the important announcement that the Chartered Company had been deprived of all military and judicial functions, which were transferred to the Crown. The scheme of Home Rule for the Uitlanders was only tentative and would not be pressed; but the Government would not lose sight of the legitimate grievances of a British population under Boer rule. Another debate on foreign affairs, initiated by Mr. Atherley-Jones, was dexterously snuffed out by the Speaker. Mr. Atherley-Jones had an amendment expressing regret that there was no indication in the Queen's Speech of a plan of arbitration with the United States. The discussion was not particularly practical, as the Government declared it to be inexpedient at the present juncture; and a division which might have had an unfortunate effect on public opinion in America was neatly avoided by one of those displays of ready tact which have made Mr. Gully so powerful a factor in the House of Commons. The inevitable demand for an amnesty for the Irish dynamitards still in prison was made by Mr. John Redmond, and it gave Mr. Lecky an opportunity for a remarkable maiden speech. The member for Dublin University spoke strongly in favour of clemency. The same line was taken by so strong an Irish Tory as Mr. Horace Plunkett; and though the Government, supported by Mr. Asquith, were unwilling to accede to this unexpected petition from their own friends, the pleading of Mr. Lecky made it certain that before long an important concession will be forthcoming on this vexed question of Irish politics. Mr. Kearley, the Liberal member for Devonport, moved an amendment which practically amounted to a modified Protection. He protested against the competition of foreign "adulterated goods" with native products. Needless to say this prompted Mr. James Lowther to a tirade against Free Trade, in the course of which he said some severe things about Lord Salisbury's economic views.

READY FEB. 25.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

A SPECIAL DOUBLE NUMBER

OF

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

ENTITLED

Dr. Jameson's Dash into the Transvaal

BY CAPTAIN THATCHER,

WITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. FORESTIER, W. H. OVEREND,

W. B. WOLLEN, MELTON PRIOR, AND OTHER ARTISTS.

Office of "The Illustrated London News," 198, Strand, W.C.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, in a note dated at Osborne Feb. 14, addressed to the Home Secretary, has thanked her loyal subjects for their warm sympathy in the recent grievous affliction which has befallen herself and her beloved daughter, Princess Henry of Battenberg. "This new sorrow," the Queen says, "is overwhelming, and to me is a double one; for I lose a dearly loved and helpful son, whose presence was like a bright sunbeam in my home; and my dear daughter loses a noble, devoted husband, to whom she was united by the closest affection. To witness the blighted happiness of the daughter who has never left me, and has comforted and helped me, is hard to bear. My beloved child is an example to all in her courage, resignation, and submission to the will of God." Her Majesty once more thanks her people for the feeling of universal sympathy so touchingly shown by all classes, which has deeply moved both the Princess and the Queen herself, and, she says, "has helped and soothed us greatly." She is gratified by the public appreciation of "the dear and gallant Prince, who laid down his life in the service of his adopted country."

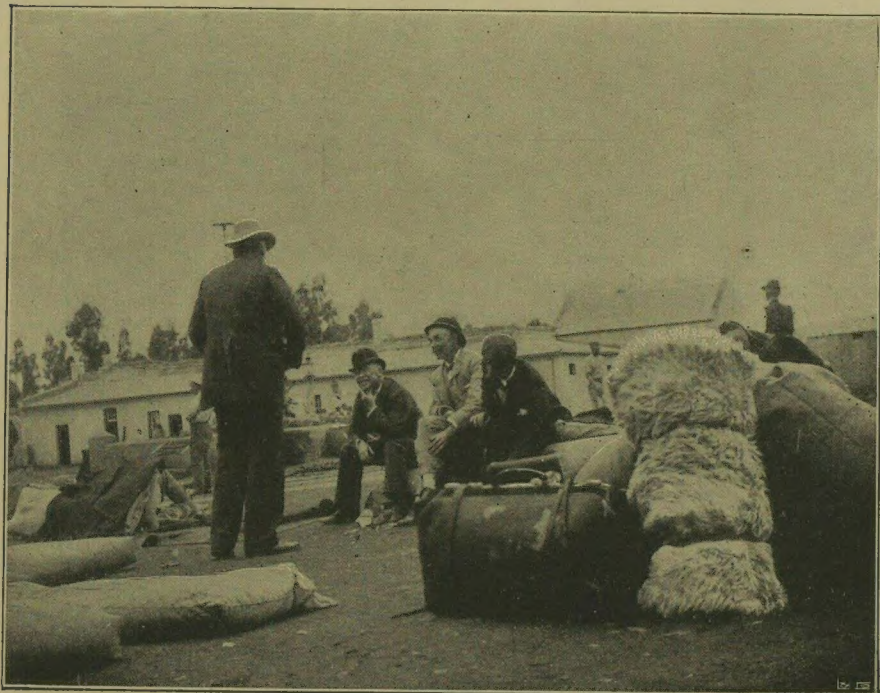
Dec. 29 Mr. Chamberlain telegraphed to Sir Hercules Robinson, if any endeavour should be made to force matters at Johannesburg by someone in the service of the British South Africa Company advancing with armed police, that it should be stopped, and Mr. Cecil Rhodes was to be informed of this resolution of the Government. On the next day, however, a telegram was received from Sir Hercules Robinson, who had just heard that Dr. Jameson's force had actually entered the Transvaal. The High Commissioner had sent a message to President Kruger repudiating the act and instructing Sir Jacob de Wet, the British Government Agent at Pretoria, to meet Dr. Jameson with an order at once to retire from the country, warning him that he would be "held personally responsible for the consequences of his unauthorised and most improper proceeding." This order was delivered by a special messenger to Dr. Jameson on the road.

The judicial inquiry at Pretoria, merely preliminary to the full trial, concerning the charges of treasonable conspiracy brought against five leading members of the Johannesburg Reform Union, was adjourned on Feb. 12, after taking some additional evidence. This related partly

in another Blue-Book. Its result, or the situation in which it has become ineffective, may be inferred from dispatches of Lord Salisbury's, in August, to Sir Francis Lascelles and to Sir Philip Currie, showing that the Russian Government—namely, Prince Lobanoff and the Emperor Nicholas II., were "strongly against force being used by any or all of the Powers"; while the Sultan's Ambassador in London had "threatened, not obscurely, a probable change of policy on the part of Turkey which would lead her to place herself entirely in the hands of Russia." The later series of dispatches, to Feb. 11, contains particulars of the conflicts and massacres at Constantinople and in many towns of Asiatic Turkey.

The London School Board has got an estimate from its Finance Committee showing that £600,000 may be required before March 31, 1897, and £500,000 more between March and the end of September next year. An amendment was moved by Mr. Athelstan Riley to reduce the amount by £260,000, but nobody showed how, and it was rejected by twenty-seven to eighteen votes.

A fire attended with the loss of several lives took place on Sunday morning in Church Street, Soho, in a



FOUR SNAP-SHOTS AT SOME OF THE JOHANNESBURG REFORM COMMITTEE IN PRETORIA JAIL.

Photographed by Mr. Harold Strange, one of the Prisoners.

The Queen has been accompanied at Osborne by Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and Princesses Margaret and Victoria Patricia of Connaught. Her Majesty on Wednesday left Osborne for Windsor Castle. Princess Beatrice, with her four children, arrived at Cimiez, Nice, on Friday morning, Feb. 14, and took up her abode at the Villa Liserb. The Queen's departure for Nice is fixed for Monday, March 9.

The christening of the infant son of the Duke and Duchess of York, their second child, took place at Sandringham on Monday, Feb. 17, in the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their three daughters, the Duchess of Fife and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) with her husband; the Duke of Teck, and the Prince of Leiningen. It was attended by the Home Secretary, Sir Matthew White Ridley, with Lady Ridley. The child was named Albert Frederick Arthur George. The Bishop of Norwich, the Rev. Canon Dalton, the Rev. Canon Hervey, and the Rev. Edgar Sheppard, Sub-Dean, one of the Queen's Chaplains, conducted the religious service, assisted by two other clergymen.

A Blue-Book has been published containing all the correspondence of the Colonial Office concerning the Transvaal from Dec. 29 to Feb. 4. It shows that on

to the manifesto printed for publication, announcing that a Provisional Government was to be set up, with Mr. Charles Leonard for President. It was proved that the committee of leaders, to which the prisoners belonged, had thousands of Lee-Metford rifles in their possession, and several Maxim guns; and that troops were enlisted and drilled, numbering some hundreds in different corps, who were to march out and form a junction with Dr. Jameson's force. Already, on Dec. 20, Messrs. Leonard, Phillips, Frank Rhodes, Hammond, and Farrar had sent a letter to Dr. Jameson, asking him to come to their assistance at Johannesburg. It was on Dec. 28 that he started on his expedition. The four remaining prisoners in the jail at Pretoria, namely, Colonel Frank Rhodes, Mr. Lionel Phillips, Mr. George Farrar, and another, have been released on bail.

Chief-Inspector Froest, of the Metropolitan Police, boarded the transport *Victoria* at Malta, on Saturday, Feb. 15, and placed Dr. Jameson and his comrades under arrest.

The diplomatic correspondence of her Majesty's Government to last October, at the Courts of Constantinople, St. Petersburg, Paris, and Berlin, touching the grievous oppression and atrocious massacres of the Sultan's Armenian subjects, and the schemes for reform of the provincial administration in Asia Minor, has been printed

house occupied by different poor families. George Futscher, his wife, and four children were burnt to death. James Moore, with his clothes burning, leaped from an upper window and fell on the points of the front railings. He suffered frightful injuries, and died on Tuesday. His wife and three children perished in the fire. There has been another fire at Bethnal Green, where an old man lost his life.

The French Ministry of M. Bourgeois has endured a repeated vote of censure passed by the Senate, with a majority of 139 against 70, upon the conduct of M. Ricard, Minister of Justice, and M. Combes, Minister of Public Instruction, with reference to the Southern of France Railway Company and the investigation of alleged corrupt practices in dealing with its affairs. The Chamber of Deputies, by a large majority, supports the Ministry. It is thought the President of the Republic may be advised to solve the constitutional problem by dismissing the Ministry and dissolving the Chamber.

The diplomatic recognition of Prince Ferdinand of Coburg as ruler of Bulgaria, immediately after the christening of his infant son, Prince Boris, in the Greek Orthodox Church at Sofia, was proposed by the Sultan and accepted by Russia, Austria, Germany, and Italy, requiring now only the assent of Great Britain and France.

Philip Ellsworth Esther Coventry
(Mr. W. L. Abington). (Miss Millward).

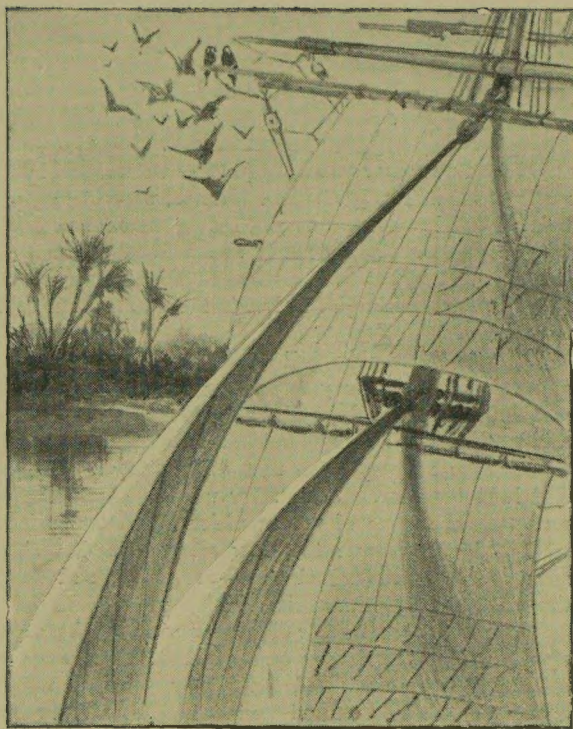


Sir Archibald M'Gregor
(Mr. Edward Sass).

Mary Penrose Lieut. Dudley Keppel, V.C.
(Miss Edith Ostlere). (Mr. William Terriss).

Kitty Spencer Private Jupp
(Miss Vane Featherston). (Mr. Harry Nicholls).

"ONE OF THE BEST," THE DRAMA OF MILITARY LIFE BY MESSRS. SEYMOUR HICKS AND GEORGE EDWARDES, AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.



A FIRST FLEET-FAMILY.

by Louis Becke.

A Hitherto Unpublished Narrative of Certain Remarkable Adventures
Compiled from the Papers of Sergeant William Dew of the Marines.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

CHAPTER XIX.

SOME DESCRIPTION OF OUR TOWN AND THE SORE STRAITS WE WERE IN FOR FOOD.

Almost as soon as the anchor was down we, the Marine guard of the *Sirius*, were relieved by some of our comrades from the settlement; for Captain Hunter had sent word ashore that we were quite done up and worn out with the hardships of our terrible passage.

The first news we heard was that a comrade of mine, named Tom Bullmore, had been killed in a fight with some of our men, and four of the Marines had been tried and sentenced to two hundred lashes each for the crime. Jim Rogers, another Marine, and a very respectable, quiet man, had been lost in the woods somewhere near the rush-cutters' cove, and his remains were never found, although great search had been made for him. Some supposed that he had been captured and killed by the savages.

A great deal of work had been done in our absence, and I will try and tell you what our town looked like.

The country round about the settlement was called Cumberland, after the Cumberland family, and its boundary in a westerly direction was at Rose Hill, where our principal farm was situated. At this place a number of prisoners were kept at work, and a country house had been erected for the Governor. An officer and a company of Marines did duty in this wild and lonely place, in spells of three months about.

In a northerly direction the Governor had explored as far as Broken Bay, but no settlement was formed there. To the south, Botany Bay was our limit, and there a fishing party was stationed to help eke out our provisions.

On the southern headland, at the entrance to Port Jackson, Mr. Southwell, a master's mate of the *Sirius*, was stationed with a small party, and their duty was to keep a look-out for the arrival of store-ships, which we were now anxiously expecting from England. They had built a few huts and a look-out place, and erected a flagstaff, and with this and one of the guns of the *Sirius* they were to signal arrivals. But, alas! nothing arrived for them to signal.

The old *Sirius* rode at anchor close to the mouth of the harbour, and the *Supply* was moored on the west side near a cove in which we had, before sailing for the Cape, hove the old ship down. Near the headland on the north shore of the harbour were fixed our scientific instruments, and this we called the observatory. Then on the west side of the cove were the hospital buildings, and a main street was laid out near here, its direction being about south-west from the shore. Barracks and temporary huts were close by, and also a prison for the ill-behaved.

On the east side of the cove the Governor's residence was placed, and near to it the main guard. A quarter of a mile inland were the officials' houses and our

officers' quarters, and then beyond were more huts for prisoners. The workshops were near the prisoners' huts, and then on the outskirts of the settlement was the magazine. The triangles and the gallows were erected outside of all, up towards the head of the stream of fresh water, and not far from this was a burial-ground. In the next cove towards the east was a small farm, and the fishing party to which Bryant belonged was huddled there.

A number of the Marines had brought their wives and children with them, and these married men's quarters were near the huts of the best class of married prisoners; but, as you may well believe, the wives and families of my comrades had too much self-respect not to keep well apart from the felons. Yet it was in some way hard for the children, as I remember the wife of one of our men telling

me that some of the convict children were as well trained as any in the settlement; but she, for one, would never let her children so much as speak to a felon's child. This was because two of a prisoner's children had sought to join in some childish game with her children. I could not but commend her for her caution, although, as I have said, it bore hardly upon the innocent offspring of both free and bond.

The daily work of the settlement was carried on with very proper regularity, and we were a busy community. In one place you would see a party cutting wood, in another a blacksmith's forge blazed and smoked, in another a gang of prisoners would be dragging stones for building purposes, and at short spaces you could everywhere see the bright coats and glitter of the muskets and bayonets of the



By this time the people on shore, under the guidance of the officers of the "Supply," had managed to get a line out to us, and bent a hawser to it.

Marine sentries on guard over the prisoners at work. Then, every now and then, Captain Phillip would be walking quietly about, looking at this or that gang as they worked, but never saying a harsh word to any one of them; indeed, some of them had so far gained his confidence that they had been appointed to supervise gangs of their fellows.

Bryant, I soon learned, had been given charge of a gang told off to fish the waters of the cove, and he had behaved himself well and was well liked by his superiors. I also heard that a boy-child had been born unto him, which he and Mary had called Emanuel after one of our officers, who, with my Lieutenant, had shown much interest in them.

All this time, however, the stores were steadily running short, although the *Supply* had twice brought us a little from Norfolk Island, where Mr. King had made good progress, although there had been an attempt at mutiny there. The *Supply* had on both voyages taken down more prisoners, and, the guard being small, the villains thought to overpower them. But Lieutenant King was not the man to be trifled with, and he soon put a stopper on that sort of work.

By and by matters came to such a bad pass for the want of provisions that six men of our detachment robbed a public store, and were speedily hanged for it; it was a terrible punishment, for we were all suffering sore temptation through our great hunger.

At last Captain Phillip, despairing of the arrival of the store-ships from England, determined, as Norfolk Island seemed to be flourishing, to send a part of our community thither; and to that end the *Sirius* and *Supply* were got ready for sea. Two companies of our detachment were embarked under Major Ross, who had orders to relieve Mr. King, who was to return to the settlement.

I was sorry that once more I was to be separated from Lieutenant Fairfax, who was to remain at Sydney Cove while I took up my old station on the *Sirius*, though I was not sorry for the trip, as, when we left, I was on the books of the *Sirius* and not in the detachment told off to remain at Norfolk Island. Our numbers were made up of sixty-five officers and men, with five women and children from the detachment and the civil department and one hundred and sixteen male and sixty-seven female convicts, with twenty-seven children. This would, on our arrival, bring the numbers on the island to—civil and military and free people, ninety; male convicts, one hundred and ninety-one; female convicts, one hundred; and children, thirty-seven.

We got under way on March the sixth, 1790, with orders to return to Port Jackson as quickly as possible, for we were to voyage to Batavia for supplies. The day we left, the Governor put every adult person in the settlement, without excepting any one person, including himself, upon a weekly ration of four pounds of flour, two and a half pounds of pork, and one and a half pounds of rice.

So away we sailed for Norfolk Island, little knowing what was to befall us there.

CHAPTER XX.

WE SEE THE LAST OF THE "SIRIUS," AND I GET A GREAT REWARD.

We made a fine-weather passage down to the island, the appearance of which my comrades and myself liked mightily, for its great greenness and profusion of rich verdure is very pleasing to the eye; but yet it was sad to think that a spot of such beauty, endowed, as we afterwards found, by an all-bountiful Providence with the choicest gifts of scenery, climate, and fruits of the soil, should so soon be turned by man into a veritable hell, and, as one of my officers said, disfigured by crime, loathsome vice, and misery.

We were lucky enough to land most of our passengers on the fourteenth of March, when the wind began to blow with much force, and then we had to stand off and on till the nineteenth, landing the remainder of the people as best we could, together with the light baggage.

There are but two or three landing-places on the island, the best being at Sydney Bay and at Cascade Bay. The latter place is a very beautiful place, the shores being fringed with pleasant-looking clusters of richly foliaged trees, over the tops of which tower great giant pines; but in the interior the prospect is still more beautiful, and in places the country resembles nothing so much as some of the great parks in the south of England. Sydney Bay is on the south side of the island, and there is a very ugly coral reef here which shows its jagged teeth very plainly when the tide is out. About a league from Sydney Bay is a small, high island which was named Phillip Island after our Governor.

Almost touching the mainland there is another island separated by a deep, narrow channel, and shaped somewhat like a horse-shoe, the open part facing to the east. In height it is about seventy feet, and in length perhaps a third of a mile, and this, too, was covered with a thick, dense verdure of small trees. I have been told that, some five or six years after I left Norfolk Island, that there came several very severe earthquake shocks which greatly terrified the inhabitants, who, on looking towards this little island, saw that part of it nearest to the mainland subside with a violent commotion under the sea, so that the channel was increased to half a mile in width.

The main island is a most precipitous spot, rising with

great abruptness from the sea, and furrowed by deep, storm-worn channels along its densely wooded sides. To land at Sydney Bay the boat has to pass through a narrow passage in the reef I have spoken of, and the landing is altogether very dangerous.

We landed most of our people at Cascade Bay, and some of the baggage, but none of the provisions, and Captain Hunter began to get greatly worried, for he knew that the stock of food on shore was but little, and that the people would soon suffer hunger if the weather did not take up and enable him to get some of the supplies to them.

The *Supply*, having outsailed us, had managed—she being a much smaller ship—to get into Sydney Bay, and anchor without much difficulty; and so, being, as I have said, fretful and anxious about the straits of those ashore, Captain Hunter determined to venture in close with the *Sirius* rather than box about to and fro off the island, and perhaps get blown away altogether. The breeze being strong, he soon worked the ship close into the land, and then brought to, head off shore, and got out our boats and began loading them.

After the boats had sheered off, the wind began to drop a little, but there was a very heavy sea, and the Captain saw that the ship began to set very much to leeward. Most of the crew being away in the boats, we who remained were at once set to get sail on her. But, notwithstanding all that we did, it soon became apparent that the ship could not weather the reef, and then, too, the wind shifted a couple of points against us, and she broke off in an alarming manner. Captain Hunter at once threw her instays, but she missed, and made a stern-board; but, providentially, the current carried her just clear of the breakers. Had we struck just at that part of the reef not a soul would have lived to tell the tale, for the sea was rolling on the jagged rocks with astonishing noise and fury. Once clear of the point of the reef we filled again, and then brought to the wind on the other tack; but the ship still drifted fast towards the shore, and another attempt was made to stay her. This, too, failed, for the poor old ship was very much out of trim, and we could see by the weary, slow manner in which she came to the wind that she would never go off on the other tack. The moment the captain saw there was no prospect of her staying he gave the order to let go all sheets and halliards, and our starboard anchor was let go; but before it reached the bottom the ship struck with violence on a jutting ledge of the reef.

It was my first experience of the kind, and the dreadful noise and great shocks that followed each other with alarming quickness very much terrified me at first. The first time she struck the rudder was torn away from the stern-post, and then for a moment or so she hung by her keel on the reef, with her stern high up and her bows so deep down that the sea poured in over the head and filled her decks to the waist.

In a few seconds, however, she lifted again to another huge roller that seemed to tower up far over the foreyard, and then she was hurled, still stern up, farther back upon the reef, and then settled down with a terrible crash, bilging in the whole larboard side like a rotten egg-shell. Most fortunately for our lives, the ship's bows were head on to the seas, which now dashed over her with incredible fury; otherwise, so huge were the rollers that had they struck us broadside on we should have been capsized and rolled over and over like a log. In a few minutes after first striking a great green wave leapt bodily upon her, and, lifting her forward, swung her round somewhat; she gave a frightful roll to starboard, and the fore and main masts went by the board, followed presently by the mizzen.

Encouraged by the example of the captain and master and other officers, our crew sprang to the work of cutting away the wreckage of the masts from the ship's side with a will, for there was a terribly strong back-wash, and every moment we feared that the great mass of masts and spars would be swept back over our decks again by the retreating waves and kill or maim every soul on board. I can well remember—so often do the veriest trifles at such times prove a matter of future interest to one's memory—that just as the main deck began to work loose from the terrific rolling, the master called out to those upon it to come aft to the quarterdeck, which he knew was safer. "For," said he, "do you fellows think you are going to wait till the ship rolls her deck out so that you can all get ashore comfortably? Lay aft here, you lazy dogs."

Now, thought I, if the master can make a jest out of such a terrible situation as ours is, why should I, who know nothing of shipwrecks, be in any way afraid? So this gave me good courage, and from that moment my alarm ceased. However, within a few minutes I saw the wisdom of the master's banter, for the ship gave another heavy roll to starboard, and I saw a great gape begin to show on the larboard side between the deck and the bulwarks, and soon after the whole main deck worked right out of her and was washed away.

By this time the people on shore, under the guidance of the officers of the *Supply*, had managed to get a line out to us, and bent a hawser to it. Our end of this we bent to the stump of the mizzenmast, and the shore end was made fast to a tree. Having plenty of men ashore, they soon got a whip and traveller to work, and then Captain

Hunter, calling upon three of our ship's boys, sent them ashore one after another. One of them, being terribly frightened at the look of the seething surf through which he had to pass, clung to Captain Hunter's legs, but the master grabbed him by his slacks, lashed him securely for his trip, and he was dragged through and landed on shore nearly dead with fright and exhaustion.

It took us nearly two hours before we were all landed, many of us, including Captain Hunter, were badly hurt in being hauled ashore; but yet, seeing that it had pleased God to spare our lives, none of us grumbled at our bruised and torn bodies, but rather thanked Him that we had any bodies left with enough life left in them to feel our bruises or wounds.

That night we were well cared for by those on shore, and although I was very sore and stiff when I arose in the morning, I was yet determined to do my duty like a man. The weather was now moderate, and the surf no longer beat with savage fury upon the reef, and we saw that the ship still held together. Soon after midday an attempt was made to save some of the provisions, and two prisoners went off by the hawser to throw some of the live-stock—such as sheep, fowls, and pigs—overboard, and so give them a chance to swim ashore.

Certainly, these rascals did throw some of the animals overboard, and then very quickly made their way to the cabin and got drunk, and there they remained until the evening, when they roused themselves, lit all the lamps they could find, and then burst open the spirit-room and made merry. By and by, as the wind died away, we could hear the villains singing and laughing with much hilarity, and Major Ross, seeing that there was every chance of these fellows setting the ship on fire, called for volunteers to go off and toss the rogues overboard.

Thereupon I offered, and a young prisoner, one John Ascott, joined with me, and we were hauled off on the hawser, and not a moment too soon were we, for one of the after cabins on the larboard side—that which had been occupied by Major Ross—was already on fire. We soon managed to put this out, and then turned to our two gentry, who were both lying down upon a pile of cushions in a very comfortable manner in a drunken sleep. Although Major Ross had told me to throw them overboard, I ventured not to fulfil this order, as he did not take it into account that they would be too drunk to move; so we dragged them on deck, made them fast to the whip, and they were hauled ashore in no gentle manner by my comrades, who were sore over the grog being drunk by two such villains. Then Ascott and I followed.

As soon as we were landed we reported ourselves to Major Ross, who awaited us in company with Mr. King and other officers. Ascott he made a free man for his good conduct on the spot, but merely told me to go and change my clothes and take a few hours' rest.

The next day, however, he sent for me and said, "Corporal Dew, you have always done your duty like a good soldier, and last night I consider you earned a good reward. You have not been long in the service, but your future rank is that of Sergeant."

That was the proudest moment of my life.

CHAPTER XXI.

WE SPEND A WEARY TIME ON A LONELY ISLAND.

The old ship held together for another day or two, and we Marines assisted the sailors and prisoners to save a good many of her stores and provisions; then it came on to blow again, a long, sweeping roll came in from the southward, and in a few hours great curling seas flung themselves upon the battered hull, and then we saw the last of the poor old *Sirius* reduced to a few heaps of wreckage dashed upon the rocks of Sydney Bay. There is no doubt but that our Major was a very different kind of man to Governor Phillip; and, without making so bold as to draw comparisons between them, Major Ross was, perhaps, too much of a soldier for the kind of work we were performing; besides which, he was a man of very hasty temper, which oft outran his judgment.

The very moment almost that the *Sirius* struck the reef our drummers on shore beat to quarters, and the Commandant proclaimed that the island was under martial law.

A meeting of the Major and Captain Hunter and Lieutenant King was held on the next day, and a proclamation was then made that, there being no civil court on the island, any crime would be punished with death, and this was necessary to prevent theft and a general mutiny, perhaps, as well. We were assembled to hear this proclamation read at eight o'clock in the morning on the day after the shipwreck.

The Union was hoisted on a flagstaff near the landing-place, and our detachment was drawn up in two lines, leaving a space in the centre for the officers. The *Sirius's* crew were in the rear of one line, and the prisoners in the rear of the other.

Then the drums beat a rally, and the colours, which we had brought on the ship on account of having the senior officer with us, were unfurled. The Major read the proclamation, and then said he—

"Officers and men of the civil and military detachment, you have heard the law of the island read. See that you observe it. Our position is a serious one, and I give you fair warning that it will be my duty to enforce with the

utmost severity the penalty for infringement of the regulations."

Then, turning to the convicts, he went on—

"As for you, be honest, industrious, and obedient, and all will go well with you; but" (and here his face darkened visibly, and the row of felons behind the line of Marines craned forward their heads to catch every word he uttered) "but take care how you offend. I will have no mercy on idlers or plotters."

Then we all gave three cheers, and every person, beginning with the Major, passed under the Union flag, taking off their hats as they passed it in token of an oath to submit to the martial law which was thus proclaimed. And so began our life on this lonely island under the rule of the stern and dreaded Major.

The *Supply* was dispatched on the twenty-fourth of March to Sydney Cove to let them know what had happened. She arrived there on April the fifth, and caused great misery by the news she brought. Lieutenant King went back to Port Jackson in the brig, and I heard one of the prisoners tell a comrade who worked with him that the very worst behaved of them was sorry that he had gone and left them to be dealt with by the Major.

Hearing this dangerous sort of talk, I threatened the fellow, who, however, was very humble, and said he meant no harm. "You see, Sir," said he, "the Lieutenant kept us from going to the triangles, and only sent us there when we deserved it; but the Major follows us about with them."

Now I ought to have had this fellow reported for his talk, but somehow his manner was so respectful that I overlooked it. And, indeed, we were all sorry to see the last of Lieutenant King, who, while he was very severe upon evil-doers, was very just to all who did their duty. When he arrived in Port Jackson he was ordered to England by Captain Phillip with dispatches reminding the Government of the great urgency of sending us aid. Mr. King went by way of Batavia, to which place the *Supply* was sent for food on the eighteenth of April.

For eleven long, weary months we remained at this place, and those months, despite the great beauty of the island and the constant round of duty that gave me but little time to fret, were the hardest to bear that I, with even all the sad experiences I had undergone, have suffered. You must know we lost many things in the wreck of our old ship, all our energies being devoted to saving what was likely to be useful to us all in common, and so many of us went short of clothes and other comforts. My duties while I remained on the island were to take my turn with the other sergeants in charge of a squad of Marines who watched the prisoners at their work upon the roads, the buildings, or the farms of the settlement. This was called chain gang guard duty, because the prisoners, for the most part, worked in chains shackled together. Truly it was a sad and heartrending spectacle, for, although these men were nearly all doubly-dyed villains and ruffians

of the worst class, yet one could not but feel some degree of pity for their awful lot, and the everlasting clank, clank of their chains amid the beauties of nature about us and then seemed to me a very strange and terrible contrast.

Under Lieutenant King the settlement had made great progress. He had erected many good and substantial buildings and made excellent roads about the island, and had some fine crops growing on the place. But all this had not been effected with the lazy rascals who were supposed to do the work without much wholesome punishment, and the convicts for the most part had had the impudence all taken out of them by a free use of the triangles when we landed on the island. For although Lieutenant King was naturally a fair man, he was a better officer.

The attempt to grow flax had, however, been a failure, though it was expected as time went on, the settlers would

company of the *Sirius* marched down to the shore with drums beating and lighthearts, and tumbled into the boats to take up our quarters on board the brig which was taking us back to Port Jackson.

(To be continued.)

Considerable agitation has been caused among people interested in the trade of the Port of London by the proposal of the London and India Docks Joint Committee to tax all goods for overside delivery from ships entering the docks that come under its control. The Committee practically invites the ship-owners to make an agreement with itself to land all their cargoes on the dock quay, the consignees being charged with the cost of delivery from quay to barge at specific rates, which shall range from two shillings to three shillings and sixpence a ton.

The expense of loading into craft has in the past fallen upon the vessel as part of the cost of delivery, and the new scheme would entail on the consignee a serious burden over and above the regular cost to which he is subject in obtaining possession of his goods. The Wharfingers', Warehousekeepers', and Granary-keepers' Association of the Port of London have, through their solicitors, issued a statement protesting that such a scheme is at variance with the conditions under which the various Dock Acts have been obtained, securing to the Docks Committee the use of the waters giving access to its quays. Moreover, it was enacted, in return, that free access should be allowed to all craft bearing goods to or from the vessels lying in the docks. The question is certainly one of some importance. There are excellent reasons for the centralisation of control in the hands of the Docks Committee, but there is also to be considered the injury which may possibly follow to the trade of the port if commerce



"Corporal Dew, you have always done your duty like a good soldier, and last night I consider you earned a good reward. You have not been long in the service, but your future rank is that of Sergeant."

by experience succeed in their efforts and profit by the skill of Mr. Morley, the gentleman adventurer of whom I have spoken, and who had accompanied Lieutenant King to teach the prisoners how to manufacture the raw material. Indeed, long after this, one of the following Governors at Port Jackson thought much of raising flax on the island, and a ship was sent to New Zealand from Port Jackson to capture some of the native Mowrees, as the savages of that country are called, and bring them to Norfolk Island, for they were well skilled in its cultivation, and Captain Cook had seen them manufacture it into a rude cloth.

The island reminded me very much of my old home. It is a beautiful, fertile spot, all hills and dales and bright green grass, and was very like the Isle of Wight, but not so large.

However, we were all too miserable and anxious to be relieved to think much of these things then, I can tell you, and very joyous we were when at the end of the eleven months the *Supply* hove in sight off Sydney Bay, and we lucky ones of the detachment who belonged to the ship's

should be to any serious extent diverted to other ports by the creating of a monopoly in favour of the Committee.

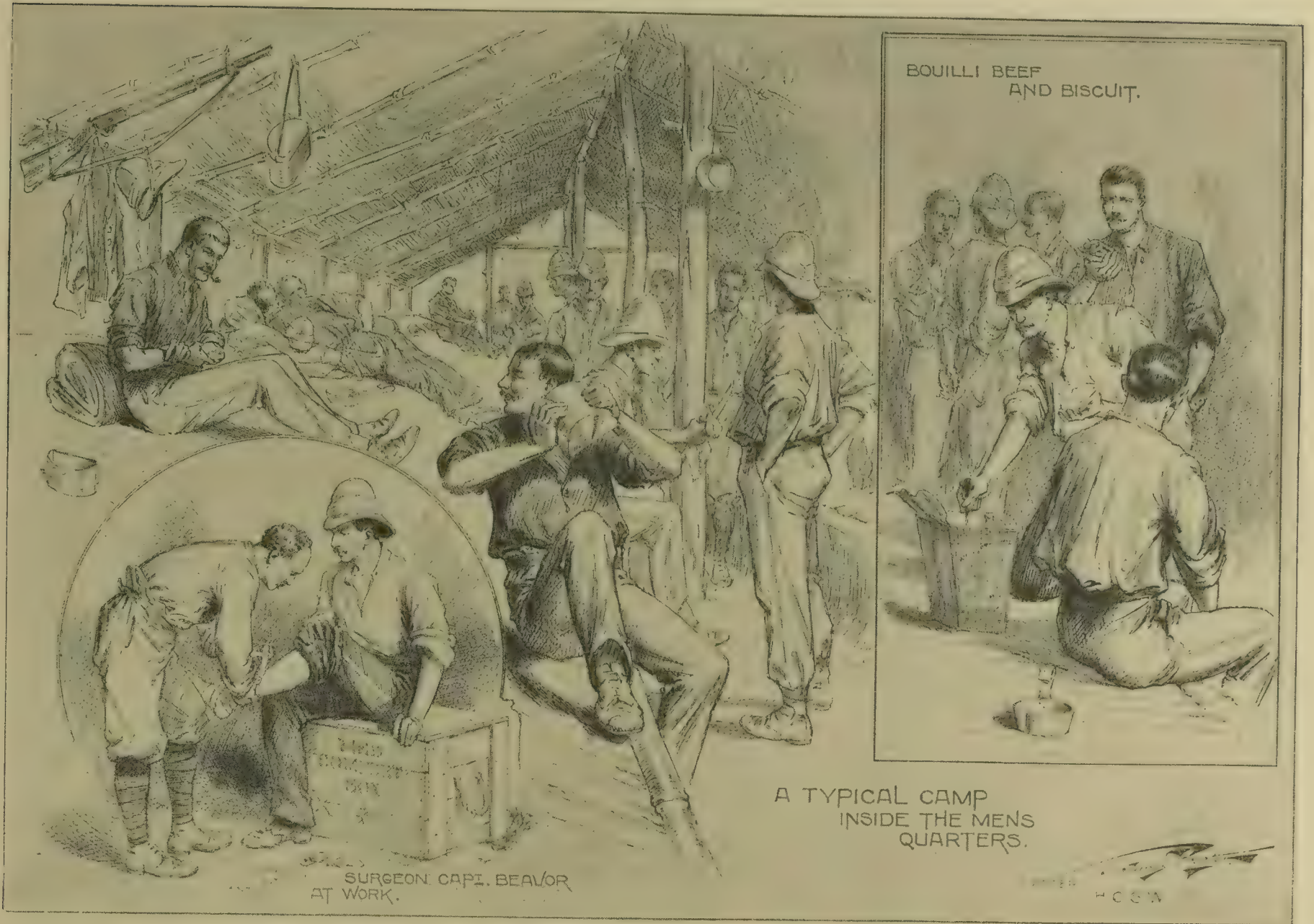
The proposed admission of women to the degree of Bachelor of Arts is to be the subject of serious discussion at Oxford before the present term is over. A committee has been appointed to consider the proposal in detail from every point of view, and has issued a preliminary report. Among the suggestions awaiting debate is one to the effect that the degree of B.A. shall only be given to women who have taken honours in at least one of the Final Schools, and that those who merely "satisfy the examiners" shall receive a testamur alone. Under no circumstances, however, will women, according to the present proposal, be allowed to proceed to the M.A. degree after attaining that of B.A., for the University does not contemplate allowing women to vote in Convocation. Moreover, the advantages incidental to the degree are as yet undetermined, for it is intended that those who are admitted to the degree shall only enjoy such privileges as the University shall confer upon them.



THE SEASON IN EGYPT: A CANTER HOME FROM THE PYRAMIDS.

THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION.

From Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.



ON THE WAY TO COOMASSIE: A TYPICAL CAMP—SCENE INSIDE THE MEN'S QUARTERS.



ON THE WAY TO COOMASSIE: ADVANCING IN SKIRMISHING LINE.

LITERATURE.

A PROSE IDYLL.

Child Christopher and Goldelind the Fair. By William Morris.—Striking is the contrast between Miss Fiona Macleod's gruesome Highland tales, with their "Celtic gloom," and Mr. William Morris's sunny prose idyll. These dainty little volumes are archaic in appearance, but the black letter in which they are printed is nobly legible, and the mediævalism of their language is sufficiently modernised to make it as intelligible to younger readers as the story is delightful. The scenery and characters are as English as Sherwood Forest and Robin Hood, while the time is vaguely indicated to be after King Arthur but before the Norman Conquest. The widowed King of Oakenham leaves an infant son and heir—Child Christopher—to rule the realm, during whose minority Earl Rolf is elected regent by the folk-mote. The wicked regent sends the child to a distant castle, where, like the thralls among whom he is reared, he knows nothing of his birth and his birthright, and grows up a handsome and courageous stripling. The regent commissions one of his followers to ride with Christopher on a pretended mission into the forest-country, and there to kill the rightful heir to the throne of Oakenham. Christopher escapes the snare, and finds refuge with some bold and generous outlaws and their families. Meanwhile, a distressful fate has also befallen Goldelind the Fair, the motherless daughter and heiress of the King of Meadham, which adjoins the kingdom of Oakenham. Her father dies, and the orphan is left in the care of a regent, Earl Geoffrey. She, too, is sent to a distant castle, where she is immured as a prisoner, and treated as harshly by a custodian dame as ill-starred princesses are by cruel stepmothers in fairy tales. When she has grown into a lovely young maiden the chaplain of the castle makes odious overtures to her, and then she flies, she knows not whither, into the forest that lies beyond the castle. After wandering for days, she is nearly dead with weariness and hunger when she meets Christopher, who treats her with chivalrous courtesy, guides her to the home of his hosts, the outlaws—they happen to be absent for the day—and refreshes her with food and wine. She has scarcely had time to rest when the followers of the ruthless regent-earl arrive in pursuit of her. Christopher bravely defends the maiden, with whom he is already deeply in love and on whose heart he, too, has made some impression. But he is overpowered by numbers, and with his lady-love is carried off a prisoner. He is condemned to die, when Goldelind pleads for his life with a fervour which leads the regent to surmise that she is in love with Christopher, and this suggests to him a means of ridding himself of her and her claim to the throne. He promises to spare Christopher if she will marry him, and leaving the Court, accompany her husband to his home. With some reluctance, for she is a princess and he a "nameless thrall," she consents, and they are wedded. Christopher leads her away into the forest to be warmly welcomed by his friends the outlaws. His parentage is discovered, and Goldelind finds that she has married a king *de jure* if not *de facto*. The outlaws and their adherents aid him to rouse the country for the restoration of his rights. After a good deal of campaigning and fighting he is not only successful, but Goldelind makes good her own claim to a throne. As King and Queen of the united kingdom of Oakenham and Meadham, Child Christopher and Goldelind the Fair live very happy ever after.

It will have been seen even from this slight sketch what scope such a story affords for the display of Mr. Morris's many-sided genius. Exquisite are his descriptions of the English woodland scenery through which Goldelind wanders forlorn until she meets her fate in the handsome and manly Christopher, and amid which both of them wend their way until they come upon the friendly outlaws, male and female, and share their joyous forest-life. Described still more exquisitely because purely human is Christopher's bashful and reverent wooing of the royal maiden whom he has rescued from despair, with the conflict in her breast between love and pride when his life is offered to him as the price of her marriage to an inferior, as she thinks him, and last, not least, the victory of her love over her pride at the opening of their strange honeymoon "under the green-wood tree." In the account of their betrothal just before their formal wedding there is one delightful touch which, slight as it seems, could have been introduced only by a man of genius. When the happy Christopher is brought before "the lords and the people" of Meadham, that they may see what manner of man is the betrothed of their princess: "He seemed so fair and fearless and kind that they gave a great shout of welcome, and Goldelind came forth from her chair, as fair as a June lily, and came to Christopher and reached out her hand to him," but before he took it the teller of the story bids his readers note: "He refrained him a moment, so that all they could see how sweet and lovely a hand it was." Surely a stroke of genius! There is no publisher's or printer's name on the title-page of the book. Fortunate are those who may be privileged to become the possessors of this literary gem, beautiful in itself and in its setting.

A PAINTER PROFESSOR.

Considerations on Painting. By John La Farge. (Macmillan and Co., New York and London.)—These lectures, given at the Metropolitan Museum of New York, were primarily addressed to students in art—and coming from one who had alike by industry and ability won his right to speak with authority, they deserve the attention of a wider audience. It may be as well to say at the outset that Mr. La Farge is no rhetorician, nor is he one of those writers on art who string together mellifluous but empty sentences, which leave the reader no further advanced in the knowledge of his subject than he was at starting. Mr. La Farge's lectures are not easy reading—for he crams his pages with reflections, suggestions, and objections—the majority of which arrest attention or arouse criticism. The result is that one rises from their study with some really definite ideas of the functions and limitations of painting, a wider sympathy with work which at first sight is repellent, and a more intelligent power of enjoying that which attracts us.

Mr. La Farge throughout insists with earnestness that art cannot be impersonal. For good or for bad, works of art reflect not only the character of their authors, "but their momentary feelings, often contradictory to the apparent intention, and even their physical failings." He even goes a step farther, and maintains that, although "the qualities of our minds" may enable us to admire the works of the older Italian and Flemish masters, yet we must not forget that outside and around their works there lies a large domain of relation often impossible for us to appreciate—"le milieu ambiant," as the Comtists would say, or the environment in which they were created.

Although Mr. La Farge frankly ranges himself as a pupil of Rousseau, Corot, and the group of painters who looked to nature for their inspiration—after having studied in the Ecole des Beaux Arts—he is, nevertheless, little disposed to give draughtsmanship a very prominent place in art. Impressionists will accept with joy his dictum that arbitrary outline is only allowable "when something is wanting which we replace by a convention." Mr. La Farge's remarks on "suggestion and intention," as displayed in the works of the old masters, and on the "misapprehensions of meaning" from which modern painters suffer, often most unjustly, are full of good sense and keen insight, and are applicable to picture-lovers as well as to picture-painters. His concluding lecture, however, is more especially addressed to the latter, and deals especially with the illusions of which they are too often the victims. According to Mr. La Farge the execution of a work of art implies the faculty of applying the perceptions of the moment to former memories. Hence he insists upon the use not only of the artist's own memory, but that of others as seen in their works and to be studied in our galleries.

It is impossible to compress into a short space even a summary of the writer's advice and suggestions. For these we must refer the reader to the volume itself, which will amply repay careful study. At the same time, we cannot leave it without entering an insular protest against the treatment of the Queen's English by the Transatlantic Republicans in the partition of words—the price we apparently pay for international copyright. To our eyes such divisions as "meth-od," "prej-udice," "sep-arate," "noth-ing," are eyesores—if not worse. Probably the American compositors may say that they are citizens of a free country, and are therefore at liberty to cut up words without regard to their meaning: but even then they might be consistent and decide whether "pict-ure" or "pic-ture," "port-raït" or "por-trait" is the more correct. Moreover, whatever liberties they permit themselves with our common tongue, they should know that under the arbitrary rule of the French Academy and French taste such an elision as "Qu" at the end of a line is absolutely inadmissible.

SCHUMANN'S PIANOFORTE WORKS.

Complete Works for the Pianoforte. Composed by Robert Schumann. Edited and fingered by Agnes Zimmermann. (Novello, Ewer, and Co.)—Schumann, as a maker of pianoforte music, stands midway between Mendelssohn and Chopin. Avoiding the extreme classicism of Mendelssohn, he also retreated from the fluttering phantasy of Chopin, thus producing himself in a kind of music exquisite by reason of its withdrawals. Nevertheless, Schumann's mere range was amazing, passing as he did from the soberest choral melodies into the most difficult and daring audacities of complex inspiration, and seldom without the sign and proof of his fine individuality.

Miss Zimmermann's handsome and complete edition of this artist's pianoforte works (Novello) is even a greater achievement than her editions of Beethoven and Mozart. Care and accuracy mark every page. She herself writes in a brief introduction: "The task of translating the German terms and directions was one of great difficulty, the literal equivalent of a word being in many cases quite inadequate to convey the feeling and spirit of the original. The translation now offered aims throughout at an intelligent rendering of the meaning, rather than at the exact literal reproduction of the text." It is sufficient to say that, with the rarest exceptions, this ambition has been entirely justified. Moreover, Miss Zimmermann has adopted the wise plan, where the words are Schumann's own, of retaining the original German in the titles, in the indications of tempo, and in any introductory note (for example, the preface to the pianoforte adaptation of Paganini's Caprices), so that we may know exactly which are the original directions of the composer and which the newer suggestions of the editor.

We venture to assert that the new edition will be found to be as complete and as satisfactory as any edition that has been previously published. The printing is clear and unmistakable, the page is handsome, and the editorial suggestions are admirably appropriate. The fingering shows, in nearly every instance, a masterly appreciation of the difficulties of the piano, and no less of the line of least resistance by which those difficulties may be overcome. The effect of the three beautiful volumes is therefore one of complete æsthetic joy as you turn over page after page, each the continent of some new emanation of a fine musical spirit. Marches, waltzes, caprices, novelettes, papillons, fantastic variations, night-pieces, dawn-pieces, arabesques, flower-pieces, humoresques, grand sonatas, the "Davidsbündler," impromptus, intermezzi, fugues, gigue, sketches, romances, forest-scenes, carnival freaks—here is a list of some of the varieties which Schumann poured forth from his busy and imaginative brain, and—if at times with a little excess of pretentiousness—never without artistic distinction, or at least artistic sentiment. The edition should be a classical one; and, to make it more complete, it is prefaced by an interesting and well-proportioned biographical memoir.

THE YEAR'S ART.

The new volume of *The Year's Art* (Virtue and Co.), just published, in addition to the official recognition it gives to the lady artists, contains many new features which do credit to its editorship. The prefatory notes on painting, by Mr. George Moore, and architecture, by Mr. Herbert Statham, are novelties which will provoke as much criticism

as interest, for both writers speak very plainly on the actual state of the arts they respectively discuss. The editor's (Mr. A. R. Carter) contribution on the picture sales of the year is also full of information conveyed in a readable form. Among other novel features which deserve especial notice are the valuable notices of public and private art schools in this country and abroad, with the conditions upon which entrance can be obtained. To the notes upon art in the provinces a table is prefixed to each county giving a more or less complete list of the private collections of pictures within its borders; and it is interesting to test by these lists the rivalry of Yorkshire and Lancashire in past and present picture collecting. By degrees "The Year's Art" is becoming the real gazetteer of the art world, and a part of the necessary equipment not only of every artist, but of every student, old or young. With regard to the ladies selected as representatives of the profession, the editor must have had a difficult and invidious task; but he seems to have exercised his autocratic rights with discretion, and to have distributed the honours of notoriety with a fair hand.

A GOSSIP ABOUT FURS.

Furs and Fur Garments. By Richard Davey. (The International Fur Store, Regent Street, and The Roxburghe Press.)—The very name of fur has a warm and comfortable sound in this weather, and Mr. Davey's gossiping account of the various creatures whose pelts are used as articles of clothing is very timely. It must be admitted that the book begins at the beginning. It starts with the dyed rams' skins mentioned in the Book of Exodus, glances at the legend of the Golden Fleece, Semiramis and her eight thousand tiger-skins, Medea and the Amazons, and takes the reader steadily down through the ages to the Hudson's Bay Company and the statistics of furs sold in 1895. It is really astonishing how much interesting and curious information has been brought together on the subject of fur and fur garments within the covers of this slim volume of little more than a hundred pages. That portion of the book which deals with the natural history and the commercial and statistical aspect of the subject is furnished by Mr. T. S. Jay, F.Z.S., the manager of the International Fur Store. Mr. Jay has been as successful as Mr. Davey in seizing upon the most interesting points and presenting them in a thoroughly readable manner. His account of the numerous processes through which the skin of the seal has to pass before it can be worn is particularly interesting. There are no fewer than thirty-two full-page illustrations, of which twelve are portraits of historical personages wearing fur, while the rest represent the principal animals whose skins are used for human apparel, in their wild state.

A LITERARY LETTER.

The *Critic* newspaper of New York has been celebrating its fifteenth anniversary. The paper is an excellent one, with more of the personal touch than is displayed by any one of our weekly literary journals. With us the old-fashioned stiffness and unsympathetic aloofness which formerly characterised the *Times* newspaper still prevail. The *Athenæum* is a well edited and capable journal, full of interesting reading for those who love literature, but there is room for a good literary weekly in this country, which will run more on the gossipy lines of the New York *Critic*.

The editors of the New York *Critic* are Miss Jeanette Gilder and her brother, Mr. Joseph Gilder, both of whom have a keen interest in literature, and both of whom keep a clear eye upon all that goes on in other parts of the world in connection with literary movements. By the way, the *Critic* makes a point of the fact that it has never allowed into its columns any reviews of books by members of its staff, and that no reviews have ever appeared of books by Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, solely because he is the brother of the editors. This is a claim which those who are in the habit of sneering at the freedoms of American journalism will do well to bear in mind. In our own country there is no such diffidence among editors. Mr. W. E. Henley has published reviews of books by himself in the *National Observer*, when he edited that publication; Mr. R. H. Hutton's volumes have been reviewed in the *Spectator*. Mr. Henry Norman's books, again, have been reviewed in the *Daily Chronicle*, of which journal he is literary editor; and Dr. Robertson Nicoll has allowed references to his own volumes more than once to appear in the various journals that he edits.

No doubt all these able and gifted editors could justify their position, but I cannot see wherein the justification lies. To permit a favourable review of your book in the columns of a paper which you yourself control is precisely equivalent to praising yourself. Sir Walter Scott, we all know, once wrote a review of one of his own books, but then the review was of an absolutely neutral character. Neutrality of that kind has not characterised some of the notices of their own works which Mr. Henley, Mr. Hutton, and others have admitted into their pages.

Mr. George Redway, who has just published Mr. Swinburne's "Word for the Navy" in a penny edition, tells me that there is not an omission of two stanzas in that form, and I am glad to correct my statement in a recent letter, which was made upon the authority of one of Mr. Swinburne's most intimate friends. "A Word for the Navy," by the way, was published simultaneously in a limited edition of 250 copies at five shillings each, and as an Introduction to a volume entitled "Sea Song and River Rhyme, from Chaucer to Tennyson," which was selected and edited by Miss Davenport Adams.

The American journals are amused at what they consider the exaggerated praise which has been obtained by Mr. Stephen Crane in this country. Mr. Crane's first published story here, by the way, appeared in the *Sketch*, and his second in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, which has also a story by the author of "The Red Badge of Courage" in its March number.

C. K. S.



THE "FOX AND CROWN" INN, WEST HILL, HIGHGATE, ABOUT TO BE DEMOLISHED.



CONSULTING HER PROGRAMME.



DOWN STREAM.

THE LADIES' PAGE. DRESS.

I am about to fling prudence to the winds, and my fur cloaks into the dark recesses of my wardrobe. I am willing to risk such minor ills as rheumatism and influenza and the like. The sun shines! Some other eminent person propounded the truism "Nothing venture, nothing have," which, by the way, when applied to the colds which I shall deserve is not wholly comforting. The cloth dresses and jackets must not alone be considered, but purchased; fashion continues unpleasingly silent, and all the shops exhibit the large sleeves in the coats with which familiarity has bred my contempt, so that I shall be forced to order something to my own design—a not altogether displeasing necessity. Why do English people continue to cling to the joys of the large sleeve when I continue to tell them that these have fled? Look at that lady illustrated on this page, for instance. Observe the demeanour of her sleeve; does it not offer convincing evidence that the large puff which loosely extended its careless way below the elbow has no attractions? That full puff which sets outward, showing the contour of the arm, is infinitely more becoming to the figure; it makes the waist look smaller, and is altogether desirable; and its outline may be taken as a model for the proper conduct of all good sleeves in this year of grace 1896. Its details may differ according to individual fancy, while its material may be the same as the bodice which accompanies it, or may invoke the service of a contrasting velvet or brocade. That gown is of black; bands of jet are across the bodice; long ends of cream-coloured spotted net falling from the small décolletage to the waist, and again from the waist to the hem; lace frills, you will observe, border the sleeves at the wrist. These, by the way, appear on nearly all the new sleeves, and they are undoubtedly becoming to the hand, making this look small, and permitting even a graceless wrist to assume the virtue of elegant movement.

these boleros still continue to exhibit a measure of fullness, being arranged for the most part in three small box-pleats on the top.

Sacque-backed jackets are to have an enormous vogue, and being, to my mind, infinitely more elegant than the



AN EVENING DRESS, WITH THE NEW SLEEVES.

cape, while they possess its comfortable advantages, their promotion to favour is cordially to be approved. That loose jacket illustrated here is made of black satin, elaborately trimmed with cream lace studded with jet clous. Between the straight tabs of satin appear kiltings of mousseline de soie, while black velvet bows are placed at the end of each stripe of the lace. The style commends itself alike for morning or evening wear, but on the whole perhaps the most attractive of the sacque-backed jackets are those made of perfectly plain cloth, boasting no decoration save strappings of cloth and pearl buttons. Pearl buttons are being bought by the million. Small buttons and large buttons and middle-size buttons, mostly in white, are putting in their appearance on cloth gowns of every colour. A black cloth sacque-backed jacket with a turn-down collar at the neck, six large white pearl buttons fastening it in the front, the back being cut on the cross and hanging from the neck, the sleeves showing straps of the cloth from wrist to shoulder, is amongst the new models; but the sacque-backed coat this year is cut infinitely shorter than it was last year; indeed, it terminates well above the hips, a style which may recommend itself to the short woman, giving her an appearance of length of limb. Such a coat as this, if completed with a black cloth skirt, with the hem strapped to match the sleeves, offers itself persuasively as being amenable to the influence of blouses and bodices of every conceivable description. It would look well, indeed, with a blouse of chiffon or soft silk in white or in black, with a bodice of coloured satin; or a tight-fitting short-basqued jacket, of black satin, with a vest of cream-coloured satin traced with jet, would be a most pleasing complement to its charms.

ANSWERS TO LETTERS.

NELLIE BLY.—Those old sleeves could I be very easily altered if you copied the outline of those which appear on that dress illustrated this week, drawing your puff up high, bringing the fullness into the seam beneath the arm, inducing this to fit quite tightly. The moment you begin the task you will find it quite simple, and this I tell you from personal experience. I should advise a hat of black trimmed with black feathers, and the shape I like takes a curve down on the forehead and turns up at the back. It appears at the moment at all the best milliners. You can find it at Durrant's, in Bond Street, for example.

CASSANDRA.—I am desperately tired of that printed velveteen now. We have enjoyed its charms for quite three months. Have the bodice made of black satin, fastened with Parisian diamond buttons, with a waistcoat of white silk, draped with pale yellow lace, in jabot fashion, from the neck to the waist.

ONE.—It is a great mistake to imagine crape is not worn. It is as much used as ever it was. Indeed, to my mind no other fabric expresses mourning, for we wear black gowns so much. The best crape is Courtauld's, and you can get this from Jay's or Peter Robinson's. I promise you it will wear well if you don't place it at the elbow or just below the waist in the front; these are the positions in which it is apt to rub. Elsewhere you may use it safely.

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

What is the most important thing for a middle-class girl to be "up in"? Sir J. Crichton Browne thinks it is—how to boil a potato! Does Lady Crichton Browne ever boil the potatoes of her own household, I wonder? Sir James found a girl reading in the Greek classics, and when he asked her if she could boil a potato she failed to satisfy him that she could; so he told her that she was wasting her precious life in reading Greek, and should put down her glorious old philosopher and forthwith start for the kitchen.

Could anything more unpractical or more derogatory to the nobler part of life be asserted? It is not often that I quote Scripture in this place, but the reply of Jesus to the critic of Mary of Bethany is too much in point to be ignored. The boiling of potatoes is the work of a given class of women; it is no more required that the girls of another social rank shall neglect noble thoughts and higher culture in order to be able to do this kitchen labour than it is that Sir James Crichton Browne should be able to make his own coat or a pair of boots. He would do very badly without either food properly prepared or boots, of course; but he thinks himself qualified to be a physician, and so he is not a cobbler. Why does he pretend that the mission of an educated young lady is to boil potatoes? He knows very well it is not in the line of her duties.

There is a very erroneous notion among men as to the qualities required to make a decent cook. Stupidity and ignorance are *not* among them, really. A girl who has learned Greek could learn to cook well in a month if it were necessary, and she gave her trained memory and cultivated intelligence to the subject. She would turn out a far better cook, as a matter of common-sense, *because* of her intellect, than the silly little ignoramus would do who had never used or trained her mind on any study, or done anything but read a novel and play tennis. Our cooks are so often poor, not because they are a two-well educated class, but because they are not enough so—they are so often so stupid, so dull, so ill-educated! The teachers of our Board and other elementary schools do their best with the raw material; but the children of uneducated parents are apt to be slow of apprehension, poor of memory, and incapable of reasoning; and it is this class that has to be trained into our servants. High-school girls do not come to be "little maids"; but does anybody suppose that if they did they would not be much quicker in remembering the details of their duties, and in comprehending reasons why they should or should not do this or that, than are the poor little "fourth standard" children? To pretend otherwise is to despise for the mind the exercise and training that it, in like manner with the body, is known to answer and to improve under, and is full in the teeth of all experience as well as of all theory.

Why have we a costly system of elementary education, except that it was found that our artisans were falling behind in the labour market because their minds were not educated in childhood, while those of foreign men of the same class were educated? In like manner the better you train the mind of a girl the more capable she will prove of understanding Sir James's extremely recondite problem of the boiling potato and all else that it may be needful for her to understand to fit her for "that state of life into which it may please God to call her." If she have to boil potatoes, the same ability that she put forth to learn Greek will enable her to comprehend the conditions of the case, chemical and physiological, and thence to do well the practical part. But as the girl who is taught Greek is little likely to be called on personally to boil potatoes in her "state of life," her increased brain power will tell in enabling her to direct her household. The "great potato-boiling" argument, in short, is a low and mean one at best, and is also quite a fallacy. It is the fools and not the learned women who keep house badly, as all of us know who know any such. As Mr. Mill said: "Brains without practical experience go farther than practical experience without brains; and it takes brains to use practical experience."

An interesting meeting is to be held at St. Martin's Town Hall on Monday, Feb. 24, at half-past seven, to consider the formation of a British "National Council of Women," which would consist of delegates from all organisations conducted by women or in their interests, meeting at intervals in council to explain to each other their individual work. Such "National Councils" have been successfully organised elsewhere; the one in America is very representative and strong. Lady Aberdeen is the President of the Canadian one, which is also thoroughly organised; and in Germany, France, and Sweden well-known ladies have taken up the idea. All these "National Councils" are intended to be federated to an "International" one, to unite the women of all nations, and explain their position and work to one another. This is designed to meet in London in 1898. Lady Henry Somerset takes the chair at the forthcoming inaugural public meeting, and Mrs. Eva McLaren, as foreign corresponding secretary, and others will speak.

A happy thought is that of the Healthy and Artistic Dress Union of having a series of "living pictures" to show the dress of various ages and climes. The entertainment is proposed to take place in May, and the scenes will be arranged by Mrs. Louise Jopling, Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Lasenby Liberty, and Mr. Storey, A.R.A.

Yet another forthcoming event "in our line" is the food and cookery exhibition that is to be held in no less a place than the Imperial Institute, during the week beginning April 27. The Universal Cookery and Food Association, which organises this, is under the special patronage of Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and the exhibition has also the patronage of many members of the royal family and a large society list of patrons, so that it promises to be important. There is a special class for entries by "women cooks and housewives," which includes such practical things as "tempting dishes for invalids," "family soups," and the like.

I am asked by the proprietor of "Armbricht's Coca Wine" to mention that the "coca" with which this is medicated is not a nut, but the leaves of a shrub.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.



A LOOSE JACKET.

white trimmings. Braid of different widths is putting in its appearance on many of the tweed skirts, this being graduated up to the knees and reappearing on the bodice, which is frequently cut in the bolero style, with a sacque back and a pleat on either side of the shoulder in the front, the waistcoat being either perfectly tight fitting or taking the form of our dear old friend the blouse. The sleeves of

HAZLITT.

BY ANDREW LANG.

It is not probable that there will ever be a good Life of Hazlitt. Materials for it, except in his not uncommon autobiographical passages, hardly exist. About his second marriage very little seems to be known; and, after all, nobody wants to know about it. His letters, judging from his "Memoirs," by Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt, are scarce. He himself has told us about his youth, his passion for painting, his great (but decidedly neglected) metaphysical discovery, his long inability to write at all, his memorable "first meeting with Poets," the fluency that seems to have come to him from contact with Coleridge, and, of course, he has told us at least enough about his passion for Miss Sarah Walker. We know that he read widely before he began to write, and then wrote widely without reading. His politics, his loathing for "the hag Legitimacy" come in as often and as out of place as King Charles's head in Mr. Dick's memorial. These eternal politics, that perpetual hankering after the French Revolution and Napoleon Bonaparte (that friend of freedom), with some reports of his conduct, made the young leopards and scorpions of *Blackwood* attack Hazlitt so ferociously that when I read the old *Blackwood* as a child I conceived him to be a kind of incarnation of the Evil One. But he got money out of *Blackwood*, though not much, apparently; or, at all events, *Blackwood* had to pay some sort of *weregild* over the affair. Then Hazlitt's quarrels with his own side and his own intimates were notorious, and the whole of what is current knowledge about him leaves an impression far from gracious. Yet his essays show that he had a quality which usually does more to make men popular than any other.

As much as Mr. Pepys this man of bitter spirit and thwarted life had *zest*—the power of enjoyment. A game at fives, a fight in the ring, a sunset, a dinner at an inn after a long, wet walk, with a book for company, a noble passage from a great poet—Hazlitt took unmeasured delight in all of these things, and he had the gift of communicating the delight to others. You warm your hands at his fire, which is hospitably glowing after the winters of seventy years. His enjoyment of the *Waverley* Novels is of the keenest, and is entirely contrary to his principles. He rails at the Tory Sir Walter as people sometimes rail at the beloved object. He can never long be silent about this atrocious friend of "the hag Legitimacy," this wicked enchanter who gives him so many good hours. He compares him to Shakspeare for the purpose of belittling the modern; he avers that Sir Walter steals everything from old chronicles, and then he cannot help applauding him and displaying gratitude and keen pleasure. Hazlitt, in spite of a hundred troubles from which most men are free, could enjoy so vividly that on his death-bed his last words were, "Well, I have had a happy life." His life had been one of almost insane suspicions, of frustrated loves, of a sensitiveness not bounded by reason or controlled by manliness. No despot ever went in greater fear of plots and conspiracies; no poet was ever half so keen to spy out a lurking insult to himself or his

extracted, perhaps with a few suppressions or emendations, and published afresh. Of Mr. Patmore's other works I know little or nothing; but among writers on Hazlitt he positively "blazes." He admired the man and his genius; he would not be quarrelled with; he was one of the very few who only said farewell to Hazlitt beside his

and detested Cockney in *Blackwood* is the darkest of all historic enigmas.

By this feat Mr. Patmore more or less ingratiated himself with Hazlitt. He found in him this peculiarity: Hazlitt would speak any amount of evil of his absent friends, and was willing that they should do as much to



THE INSURRECTION IN CUBA: A REBEL CAMP.

grave. Mr. Patmore's well-meant effort to set Hazlitt in a true light, and yet in a favourable light, is not always successful; indeed, the results are occasionally rather humorous. "Call you this backing of your friends?" we are inclined to ask. For some reason of psychological obscurity all his memories of Hazlitt, after many years, were excessively distinct and permanent, they at once became vivid visual images. He first met Hazlitt for the purpose of arranging about some lectures which the essayist was to give. He found him in a bare room, looking at once furtive and forlorn, almost equally alarmed by the prospect of being, or not being, engaged to lecture. He was pale, silent, emaciated, powerless, to look upon. Mr. Patmore engaged him to lecture, and (in a manner incomprehensible to me) reported his

him; but if any one of them accidentally passed his furtive figure unnoticed in the street, he would treasure the supposed offence, he would nurse his wrath, and at the earliest opportunity would assail his astonished friend in the Press. This trick he played to Mr. Patmore; also it was his joy to disparage and pluck the fine plumage off the great "Lake Poets," whom he had known intimately. He was remarkable, too, for "an ingrained selfishness," his egotism being enormous, and as sensitive as the mimosa-plant. He believed that he was despised, and still more strongly believed "that he in some sort deserved to be so," as if a Puritan "consciousness of sin" survived the wreck of orthodoxy. He had "the most social disposition," but yet was "even by nature, but still more so by circumstances, a lone man." He was always in love; but if a woman seemed to like him, he decided that she meant to "entangle and insult him." He had "as noble a nature as ever books have made us acquainted with," and yet there are instances of conduct on his side so remote from nobility that it is as well not to rake them up. His behaviour when he made a bad stroke at fives was so eccentric as to make it desirable that the court should have padded walls, "which is absurd."

In brief, Hazlitt was an extreme example of a being possessed by what Edgar Poe, I think, calls "the imp of the Perverse," as was Poe himself, and, of course, Rousseau. For so startling a character few can make allowances, and it is Mr. Patmore's extraordinary power of making allowances in this case that gives value to a forgotten book of fifty years ago.

THE REBELLION IN CUBA.

Unless General Weyler, the new Spanish Captain-General or Governor at Havana, with the very large military force now placed under his command, should prove abler than his predecessor, Marshal Martinez Campos, to withstand the insurrection which has spread over nine-tenths of the whole island, Cuba is likely before long to achieve her independence. It was in the year 1868 that the first revolutionary war broke out in Cuba, and the conflict went on for ten years, until Spain promised certain reforms of government which have not been realised. The colonists, or people of European race, who number 1,102,689, the remainder, little above half a million, being negroes or mulattoes, again took up arms, just a twelvemonth ago, demanding something beyond the redress of special grievances. They had long complained of a corrupt official administration, carried on entirely by persons sent from Spain, and of oppressive fiscal burthens, including a huge share of the debt incurred by Spain for wars in St. Domingo, in Mexico, and in Peru and Chile. We are not aware how far the Madrid Government is now disposed to remedy these alleged wrongs of its Cuban subjects, or to bestow upon them any degree of self-government, imitating the example shown in the liberal treatment of British colonies. It is now, probably, too late to save this dominion by conciliatory measures.



THE INSURRECTION IN CUBA: STREET SCENE IN BAYAMO.

works. Yet, when he did enjoy, he enjoyed so thoroughly that he could, without irony, regard his life as happy.

Much the best personal account of Hazlitt, probably, is a forgotten book, "My Friends and Acquaintance," by P. G. Patmore (London, 1856). Nobody cares any longer about Mr. Plumer Ward, to whom Mr. Patmore gave many of his pages, and Laman Blanchard's is ceasing to be a well-remembered name. But the chapters on Hazlitt might be

lectures favourably in the dreaded and hostile *Blackwood's Magazine*. This is a mystery. The *Blackwoodians* usually "damned Hazlitt at a venture," and then wondered that he did not dine with them at Ambrose's, after which they would probably have buried the tomahawk and lauded him as, in similar circumstances, they besonneted Haydon. Now Mr. Patmore was what they called "a Cockney," and how a Cockney was allowed to be fair to a very eminent

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

In the course of my life I have seen some very curious displays of versatility on the part of tragic actors. Many, many years ago, when a lad, I saw that talented African tragedian, Ira Aldridge, play in a farce the name of which has slipped my memory. He made his audience roar with laughter after he had made them shudder as Shylock or Othello, for he played both the Shaksperian pieces. I have seen Sir Henry Irving play Jingle on the same night he played Mathias in "The Bells." Signora Duse is as interesting in "La Locandiera" as in "La Dame aux Camélias." Both Rossi and Salvini have done similar things, and the great Rachel herself enacted the servant in "Tartuffe," and enacted her well. Audiences, it would seem, were not and are not averse to such transitions from grave to gay; but I doubt whether they would be prepared to sanction a reverse transition and to support for any length of time Mr. Toole as King Lear.

Liston—the wonderful and famous Liston whose name is inseparably connected with Poole's farcical comedy—was bitten by that kind of mania once. He had not quite made up his mind whether he would impersonate Shakspeare's Dane, Thane, Moor, or Jew, but he was determined to do something tragic. "Then sling yourself into the Thames," said the friend to whom he communicated his intention, "for, believe me, the public will never allow you to toy with Macbeth's dagger or sharpen Shylock's knife after having seen you wave Paul Pry's umbrella." I am under the impression that the great comedian took the advice and never tried.

The reverse happened with the great composer who died last week in Paris. I doubt whether there are in the whole repertoire of French opéra-comique—which is not exactly comic opera—two more tuneful, saucy—there is no other word for it—tripping, mirth-inspiring works than "Le Perruquier de la Régence" and "Le Caid." Auber, Herold, Boieldieu, and Adolphe Adam at their best produced nothing more exhilarating; and yet, when Ambroise Thomas, after the success of the last-named work, told the composer of "Le Cheval de Bronze" that his ambition was not satisfied—that he aimed at something more serious, more dramatic, Auber assented to the proposition at once. "You are right," said that very lively, festive, and typical Frenchman; "you are right. If you go on like this you will either have to change the expression of your face or bring an action for libel against it. I don't see how you can manage it. It would be easier, perhaps, to change your style. The expression of joy or liveliness evidently goes against the grain with you."

Ambroise Thomas did as he was told, though not at once. When he gave the reins to his melancholy he produced "Mignon," in which, in spite of the gavotte and Philine's cavatina, there is not a ripple of genuine laughter. For these two morceaux, brilliant as they are, are only sadness disguised, or, if the reader likes it better, gladness made to order. It is the gladness expressed by a man who has no gladness in him, whose jokes are grim, not because he is a misanthrope, but because he is a hypochondriac. "You see, I am positively crying, Ambroise," said one of Thomas's former fellow-students at Rome, after having listened to his friend's magnificent rendering of some nocturne. "I am not surprised," replied the executant; "I have been making the salad, and did not wash my hands after slicing the onions into it."

It may be easily imagined that with such a temperament he was not as great a favourite with the students of the Conservatoire as his predecessor, that delightful Auber whom everybody liked, who stroked the embryo Patti on the cheeks, patted the future Faures on the shoulders, and talked confidentially and familiarly to the Mesdames Cardinal about their daughters' prospects. But if not beloved, Ambroise Thomas was eminently respected, because his honesty in everything was beyond a doubt. I have heard it said that the score of "Hamlet" was finished before that of "Mignon"; nevertheless, it was not performed until two years after his more popular work. I do not think that this was quite the case, but I do know that every note of "Hamlet" was written for more than a twelvemonth before it was put into rehearsal. The composer simply refused to enter into any negotiations, with no matter whom, until he had found his Ophelia.

What is not so generally known is this: Hengel had agreed to pay Thomas an extra premium of 15,000 f. after the 100th performance of "Hamlet." Four-and-twenty hours before that 100th performance the Opera in the Rue de Peletier was destroyed by fire. Ambroise Thomas was at Argenteuil when the news of the disaster reached him. "There is no doubt that he was genuinely sorry," said my informant—and that part of the tale has never been told—"there is no doubt he was genuinely sorry; nevertheless, there was something to grumble at, and that made him more or less glad—at any rate, as glad as Ambroise Thomas could be, for throughout his life his melancholy has been purely gratuitous. His struggles had been comparatively few. 'That's like my luck,' he said: 'why could not the Opera have burned down a day or two later? It is all that confounded Meyerbeer with his fire—' Then he checked himself and bit his lips, remembering that 'Mignon' also had 'fireworks,' as he called them, though the 'Prophète' was in no way to blame for the conflagration, seeing that four-and-twenty hours had passed between the fall of the curtain and the first alarm. 'That's like my luck,' Thomas repeated for the third time, 'for I shall lose my fifteen thousand francs, at any rate, for some considerable time.' The words had scarcely left his lips when the door opened and Hengel stood on the threshold. Without a word he handed Thomas a bundle of notes. 'Voilà, mon ami, votre argent!' he said. But it did not make Thomas a bit happier; if anything, he regretted having nothing to grumble at."

CHESS.

A HILL (Belfast).—We are much obliged for your communication, of which we have made use, as you will see.

F PROCTOR (West Bergholt).—There was certainly a mate in the way we indicated on the diagram sent us. We will examine anew the diagram now submitted.

H W McNEILL (Vancouver).—We presume where you say K to K 3rd there is a misprint in your letter for 1. Q to Q 3rd, the move we gave as the answer. The solution is 1. Q to Q 3rd, then Black replies 1. Kt to B 4th, White continues 2. Kt to Kt 6th (ch), and Q to Kt 3rd, mate.

W CLARK (Molesley) and T B CULLORIN.—Shall have attention.

P THOMPSON (Derby).—We have little doubt our solvers will appreciate it as highly as all your contributions.

W R B (Clifton).—After 1. Q takes R (ch), what happens if Black reply with 1. P to K 4th?

J W SCOTT (Southwell).—We thank you for your zeal, but must point out that after Black has replied Q to R 4th or 6th, 2. Q takes R is not mate on account of P to K 4th.

P F (Bishops Down).—But if Black play 1. Kt to Kt 3rd, White continues 2. Q to K 4th (ch) and 3. Q to K B 4th, mate.

J B BUNTING (Acrington).—If we remember rightly White continues by B to Q Kt 5th, with a somewhat better game.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2703 received from C E Perugini and James Lloyd; of No. 2704 from H S Brandreth (Messina) and H F W Lane (Stroud); of No. 2705 from Dr Goldsmith (Lee-on-the-Solent), H H (Peterborough), H F W Lane (Stroud), Captain J A Challies (Great Yarmouth), and James Lloyd.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2703 received from W R Raillem, H F Preston, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), F Waller (Luton), Shadforth, Castle Lea, F James (Kidderminster), R Worters (Canterbury), H T Atterbury, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), Captain Spencer (Truro), and M Burke.

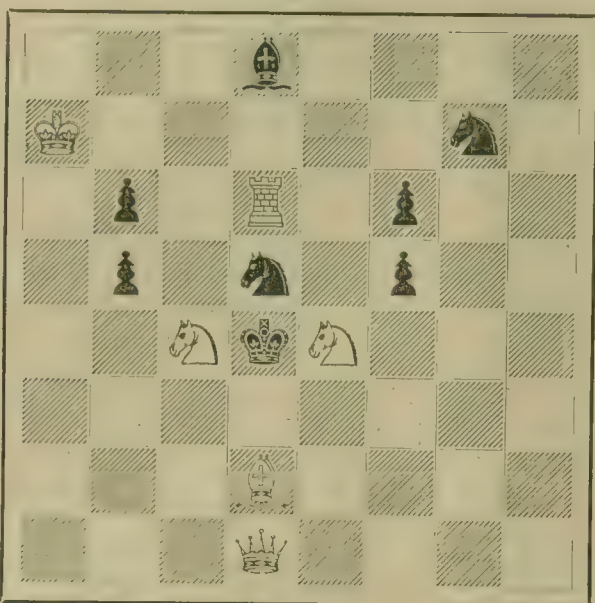
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2705.—By REGINALD KELLY.

WHITE.
1. B to B 8th
2. B takes P (ch)
3. Q mates.
If Black play 1. K to B 6th, then 2. Q to R sq (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 2708.

By W. FINLAYSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at the Inner Temple Hall meeting, Messrs. NEWTON and BARRITT consulting against Messrs. WOODGATE and DONNISTHORPE.

(Evans Gambit.)

WHITE (N. & B.) BLACK (W. & D.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to B 4th B to B 4th
4. P to Q Kt 4th B takes P
5. P to B 3rd B to Q 3rd
6. P to Q 3rd
7. Kt to K Kt 5th Castles
8. P to K R 4th
9. Kt to Q 2nd P to Q 3rd
10. Kt to K 4th P to Q 3rd
11. Kt to K 4th P to Q 3rd
12. Kt to K 4th P to Q 3rd
13. Kt to K 4th P to Q 3rd
14. Kt to K 4th P to Q 3rd
15. P to K Kt 3rd P takes P
16. P takes P
17. Kt to K 3rd B to K 3rd
18. P to B 3rd P to Q B 3rd
19. P to K Kt 4th Kt to R 2nd
20. Kt to B 5th
21. K P takes B B takes Kt
22. K to B sq B takes P (ch)
23. Kt to K 2nd B takes B
24. Kt takes B P to Q 4th
25. R to Q R 2nd Kt to Kt 4th
26. Q R to K R 2nd Q to B 3rd
27. K to Kt 2nd P to K 5th
28. P to K B 4th Kt to R 6th
Black wins.

The White allies might have adopted a more vigorous policy. Castles, followed by P to Q 4th, was more to the point.

This prevents any chance of Castling K R, and needlessly isolates a Pawn, which is ultimately lost.

The game is admirably conducted by Black, who quietly goes on developing, and gives no chances.

CHESS IN MANCHESTER.

Game played in the championship tournament between Mr. W. E. PALMER and Mr. X.

(Scottish Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. P.) BLACK (Mr. X.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. P to Q 4th P takes P
4. Kt takes P B to B 4th
5. B to K 3rd Q to B 3rd
6. P to Q B 3rd K Kt to K 2nd
7. Q to Q 2nd P to Q R 3rd
8. P to K B 4th P to Q 3rd
9. B to Q 3rd B to Q 2nd
10. B to Q B 2nd Castles (Q R)
11. P to Q Kt 4th
12. P takes B B takes Kt
13. Castles K R to K sq
14. P to Q R 4th Kt to Q Kt sq
15. Kt to R 3rd P to Q 4th
16. P to K 5th Q to Q Kt 3rd
17. P to R 5th Q to R 2nd
18. B to Q 3rd B to B 4th
19. B to K 2nd P to Q B 3rd
20. K R to B sq K to Q 2nd
21. P to Kt 5th
22. B takes P (ch) B takes P
23. Kt takes P P takes B
24. P to K 6th (ch) K takes P
25. Kt to B 7th (ch) K to B 3rd
26. Kt takes Q Kt takes Kt
27. B to B 2nd R to Q 2nd
28. R to K sq B to K 5th
29. Q to Kt 2nd K to Kt 2nd
30. R to R 3rd Kt to B 3rd
31. P to B 5th P to K Kt 4th
32. P to R 4th P to R 3rd
33. P takes P P takes P
34. R to Q Kt 3rd Kt takes R P
35. Q to Q 2nd Resigns.

So far a well-known variation much in vogue years ago. Here Black plays the only safe move. Otherwise White gets his Kt at Q Kt 6th with a strong attack.

In cases where Castling Queen's side is adopted it is obvious that an immediate attack by the opposing Pawns is advisable.

Some amusing complications result from this curious move of the Queen. It was better to retire to Kt 2nd.

This remarkable game concludes with a fine trap. If 35. Kt takes R, 36. Q takes P, 37. K to R 2nd, 38. P to B 6th, B to Kt 3rd, 39. R to B 4th, R to Kt sq, 40. Q to R 6th, and wins, with sacrifices.

In Belfast an inter-club tourney trophy is played for each season, in which the city and district clubs take part, each club being represented by twelve players. The Victoria Chess Club, a young and vigorous organisation, proved successful this year, and has now divided with Holywood the much coveted honours of victory during the last four years. The Belfast Chess Club, one of the oldest in Ireland, has not been, so far, successful, although strenuous efforts have been made to regain its former leadership. The chess members of the Reform Club introduced the idea of having social chess reunions periodically during the season. They invite outside players from the different clubs and private circles. Such gatherings have been very enjoyable, and tend to cement and foster the furthering of chess life and interests.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A correspondent writes me to ask for information concerning the proofs of man's descent from lower forms of life, such as evolutionists quote in favour of their views. This is always an interesting topic, but it is one which, from the mere extent of its scope, lies obviously beyond the possibility of adequate treatment in this column, or, indeed, in many such columns. But in reply to my correspondent, and as the matter is one of general scientific interest, I may very briefly indicate the main lines of the evolutionary argument, regarding "the descent of man." For fuller information I refer him to Darwin's book of that name, to the works of Mr. Edward Clodd, to various little volumes in Macmillan's "Nature" series of books, and, if I may add it, to my own work, "Chapters on Evolution."

The arguments in question may be roughly grouped under two heads—those derived from embryology or development, and those which refer to rudimentary or vestigial structures present in man's body, always useless, and often a positive source of danger. The evidence from development is very conclusive, for man's becoming runs at first along strictly similar lines to those of all other animals; then, later on, along lines of vertebrate, and ultimately of mammalian kind. Embryology is a technical study, no doubt; but we can all understand the force of the maxim that the development of an animal is a moving panorama of the evolution of its race. Many of the stages may be obscured and blurred; some may be shortened and some omitted altogether; but unless nature is a mass of inconsistencies and contradictions, one may fail to see anything else in a frog's early history than "a passing show" of its descent from fishes. It begins life as a fish, it passes through a newt-stage, and finally develops into the tailless, gill-less, lung-breathing frog. It is the same with all other animals. We don't see the panorama so plainly as in the frog's case—and that is all.

But the evidence from the presence of nature's odds and ends and unconsidered trifles in our bodies, in the shape of vestigial or rudimentary organs, is a far more comprehensible and quite as telling variety of evidence as is that of development. Of course we possess a rudimentary tail as things are, only in our early life this present vestige is a real long tail, which, by the way, sometimes persists at birth and has to be surgically removed. Then we have gill-clefts in our neck in early life, although we have no use for them, being lung-breathers from the first, and this fact testifies to a far back aquatic ancestry, aeons older than the Norman Conquest. Also, we find traces in our eyes of a "third eyelid," such as many lower creatures possess. In our brain is the pineal gland, which is the stalk of a missing middle eye, still extant in certain lizards. In our intestine is a little tube-like appendix, which is a vestige of a part largely developed in vegetable-feeding animals, and which causes much pain and trouble to us through acting as a trap for indigestibles, in which crudity the surgeon has to be called in to take it away, and thus to anticipate what we expect will happen naturally in the man of the future, who it is to be hoped will possess no such troublesome rudiment at all.

Also, why is hernia so common in man? Because he has an inherited weakness of that part of his frame where this ailment occurs—a weakness due to man's erect position, but perfectly unrepresented in our four-legged friends. The tonsils of our throats, it is pointed out, are vestiges of lymph-masses seen near the second gill-cleft in lower forms of life, the tadpole among them. Now and then we get a little bone, common to lower life, developed in front of our upper jaw as a reversion to past things—but the list of items in this kind of evidence is endless almost. It is impossible to escape from the conclusion that we are really part and parcel of the great scheme of animated nature, and not outside it. Even if we credit our descent from lower forms, that belief does not alter the fact that we are human, and entitled to live up to all the aspirations and ideals which mark the onward progress of our race.

The ever-present germ has been of late receiving a meed of attention from two French scientists—MM. du Cazal and Catrin—in respect of their vitality on books and printed matter at large. The practical outcome of such researches is of important kind, for it is clear if books are liable to harbour microbes of disease-producing type, the public library—as hygiene, indeed, has always pointed out—may be apt to become a focus of infectious disease. In the investigations to which I allude, germs of various kinds were artificially cultivated from the printed matter of books, and it is stated that the corners of the pages, where the fingers, of course, impinge most on the leaves, yielded more fruitful results than the inner or more central parts.

MM. du Cazal and Catrin then proceeded to infect books with disease-producing bacilli, in order to note whether these microbes could be retained by the printed matter. It is said that in the case of books infected with diphtheria and erysipelas germs, they obtained positive evidence to show that such infectious particles could retain their vitality and become the active media of disease dissemination. I should have thought that it would have been easy also to show that scarlet-fever germs, which are contained in plenty in the skin-scales of patients, could most readily be retained by books and convey the disease.

These investigations simply confirm what sanitarians have been teaching for years past—namely, that it is a positive crime against society to give a library book, or, indeed, any other volume to a patient suffering from infectious disease. Nothing can avert this common mode of infection, I am afraid, save the good sense of the people and their training in hygiene. Infectious cases should be supplied with periodicals only, and these should be burnt at once after use. In no other way can the library be made safe for us, for thorough disinfection of all its books would be a practical impossibility.



Spanish Art AT THE NEW GALLERY



From Photographs by H. Dixon and Son, Albany Street, W.



THE PRODIGAL SON BEGGING.—MURILLO.

Lent by the Earl of Dudley.



THE PRODIGAL SON'S RETURN.—MURILLO.

Lent by the Earl of Dudley.



PORTRAIT OF A SPANISH LADY.—JUAN CARREÑO DE MIRANDA.

Lent by Sir Charles Robinson.



THE VIRGIN OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.—MURILLO.

Lent by Captain G. T. Holford, C.I.E.

SPANISH ART AT THE NEW GALLERY.

From Photographs by H. Dixon and Son, Albany Street, W.

FERDINAND OF ARAGON AND HIS
PATRON SAINT.—ANTONIO DEL
RINCON.

Lent by Sir Charles Robinson.



CHRIST BEARING THE CROSS.—FRANCISCO RIBALTA.

Lent by the Right Hon. Sir Clare Ford.



ISABELLA OF CASTILE AND HER
PATRON SAINT, ST. ANNE.—
ANTONIO DEL RINCON.

Lent by Sir Charles Robinson.



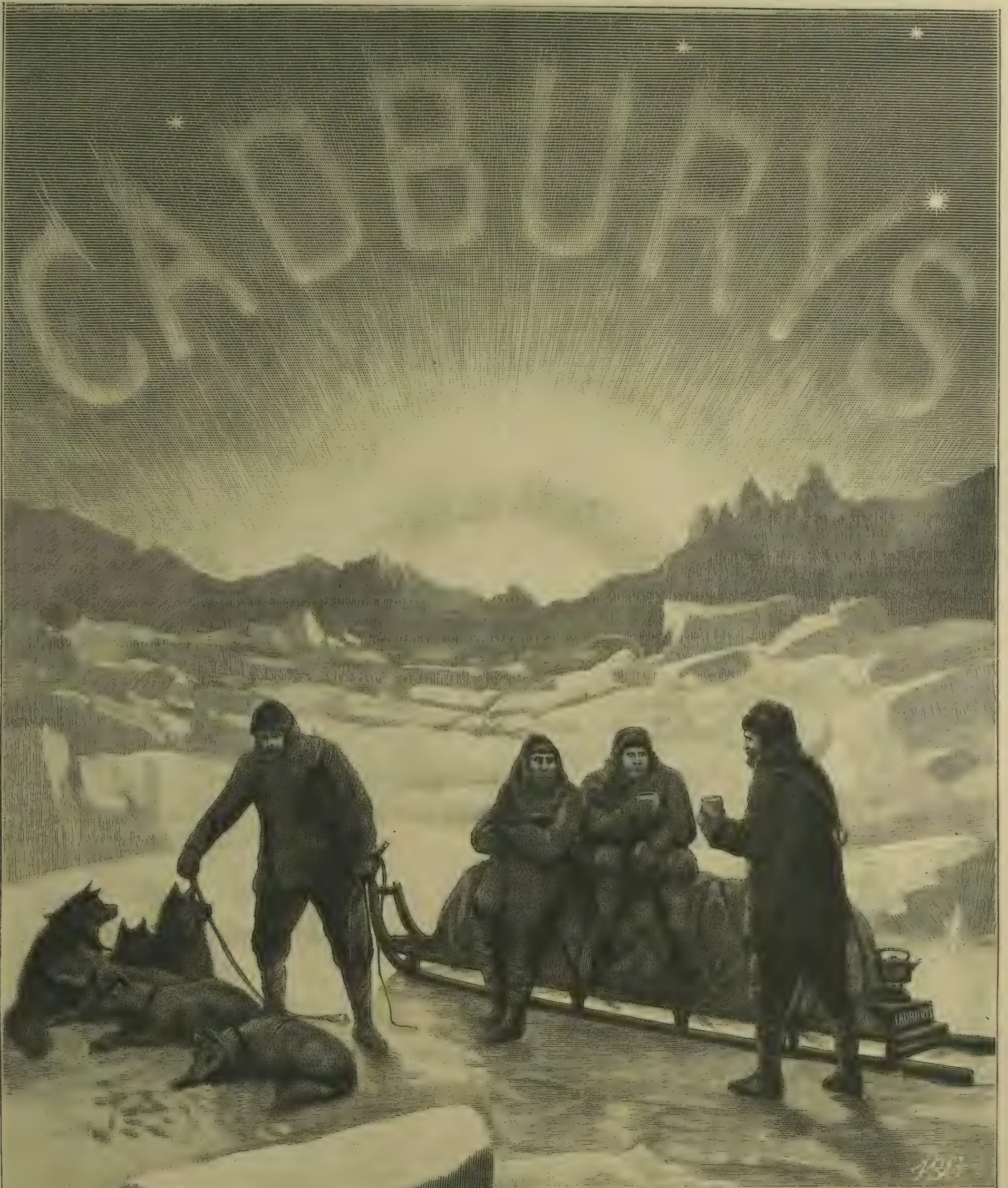
VIRGIN AND CHILD.—MURILLO.

Lent by Lord Wantage.



MARIANA OF AUSTRIA, SECOND WIFE OF PHILIP IV.—VELASQUEZ.

Lent by the Right Hon. Sir Clare Ford.



IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

Expeditions in search of the North Pole are of such absorbing interest that every detail concerning them is the subject of eager curiosity, particularly the Food, which has to be selected with the utmost care. Dr. Nansen took with him a supply of about 1500 lb. of **Cadbury's** Cocoa Essence and Chocolate, in hermetically sealed tins, it being considered the best and most nourishing food, and especially suitable for men requiring all the vitality and strength necessary to the work.

CADBURY'S Cocoa stands all tests, because it is absolutely pure (no alkalies being used, as in many of the so-called "pure" Foreign Cocoas). The **LANCET** refers to it as "representing the standard of highest purity at present attainable." Cocoa, besides being a stimulating and refreshing drink, is a nutritious food, sustaining and invigorating the system probably more than any other beverage. **HEALTH** writes: "Cadbury's Cocoa has in a remarkable degree those natural elements of sustenance that give endurance and hardihood."

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 15, 1877), with a codicil (dated Oct. 10, 1895), of Sir Charles Cavendish Clifford, Bart., of Westfield, Ryde, Isle of Wight, who died on Nov. 22, was proved on Feb. 7 by Miss Augusta Caroline Susan Clifford, the sister, the executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £83,228. The testator bequeaths £2000 to Amy, Lady Coleridge; £1000 to Mrs. Brett; £100 to All Souls' College Benefactors' Fund; and other legacies; but he states in the codicil that most of the legacies given by the will have become void by the deaths of the legatees. As to all his Consols, stocks, and railway shares, he gives one-half to his sister, Augusta Caroline Susan Clifford, and one-half to the persons entitled under the statute for the distribution of an intestate's effects; and he appoints his said sister beneficiary legatee.

The will (dated April 18, 1895) of Mr. José Bernardino Teixeira, of Kirk Harle, Chichester, who died on Dec. 5, was proved at the Chichester District Registry on Jan. 22 by Humphrey Grylls Hill and Thomas Crump Lindop, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £66,725. The testator bequeaths £1000 to his executor Mr. Hill, and £1000 to the priest for the time being in charge of the Church of the Assumption, Torquay, for the purpose of saying Masses for the repose of his soul, both free of legacy duty. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to Thomas Crump Lindop.

The will (dated June 7, 1890) of Mr. Rowland Escombe, of 3, East India Avenue, ship and insurance broker, and of Lindsay House, Blackheath, who died on Dec. 13, was proved on Feb. 8 by Robert Escombe, Rowland Lingard Escombe, the son, and John Edward Rowbotham, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £53,631. The testator bequeaths £100 each to his executors; £500 and all his plate, furniture, and articles of household use or ornament to his wife, Mrs. Mary Rebecca Escombe; £500 each to his daughters, Mary Margaret Helen Gertrude and Rebecca; £1000 to his daughter Priscilla on her attaining twenty-one; £500 to Sarah Elizabeth Lingard; and £100 each to his brother, Frank Escombe, his sister, Fanny Escombe, Anne Lanchester, and his clerks, William Graham, Arthur Sextus Robinson, and John Eaton. The residue of his estate and effects, real and personal, he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 1, 1894) of Mr. Henry Holroyd, formerly Judge of County Courts, late of 14, Kensington Gardens Terrace, who died on Jan. 11, was proved on Feb. 8 by Miss Louisa Gordon Holroyd and Miss Mary Virginia Holroyd, the daughters, and Thomas Kemmis Bros, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £21,884. The testator bequeaths £100 and all his plate, books, pictures, wines, furniture, and other household effects to his wife. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then for his said two daughters in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 5, 1895) of the Hon. Lucy Brodrick, of Bath, who died on Dec. 31, was proved on Feb. 11 by the Hon. George Charles Brodrick, Warden of



THE COUNTESS OF ANNESLEY.—BY A. CHEVALLIER TAYLER.
Exhibited in the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.

Mr. A. Chevallier Tayler, one of the cleverest and most painstaking of the Newlyn school, has hitherto been best known as a "subject" painter. His pictures "A Summer Dinner-Party," "Gentlemen," "The Queen," and "A Twilight Idyll" won general approbation when exhibited in successive years at Burlington House. His appearance, therefore, among the portrait-painters may be regarded as a new departure, and if we may judge from the specimen of his work here reproduced, he is likely to take a front place among the "limners of ladies." He has a delicate touch and a fine sense of illumination, and, above all, is an excellent draughtsman.

Merton College, Oxford, and the Hon. and Rev. Alan Brodrick, honorary Canon of Winchester, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £17,752. The testatrix gives any outstanding real or personal estate formerly of George Alan, Viscount Midleton, to the Viscount Midleton living at her death, and entitled to the mansion and estate of Peper Harrow, Surrey; and legacies to executors, servants, and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to the children of her late sister, Harriet, Viscountess Midleton, equally.

The will (dated Nov. 23, 1891) of Mr. William Norris, of Billiter Square Buildings, ship and insurance broker,

and of Easthams, Hendon Lane, Finchley, who died on Aug. 31, was proved on Feb. 4 by Stampa Walter Lambert and Harry Percy Holmer, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £8949. The testator confirms his marriage settlement and a settlement of his house at Finchley. He bequeaths £400 to his wife; and legacies to his brother, sisters, sister-in-law, nephews, nieces, and clerks in his employ; and subject thereto leaves the income of the whole of his property to his wife, for life, and then to his brother, sisters, and sister-in-law. On the death of the survivor of them he gives £1000 Great Eastern Railway stock to the secretary of the Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum and the Mayor of Bridgwater, Somersetshire, that they may have for all time the right of nominating and of having a girl, the orphan of a Somersetshire master mariner, at the said school, any surplus income beyond the expenses of keeping the girl at the school to be invested and paid to her on attaining twenty-one; £500 stock of the Great Eastern Railway to the vicar and churchwardens of Misterton, Somersetshire, the dividend to be applied as follows—namely, five tenths to be given twice yearly, in equal parts, to five of the eldest and most deserving widows or spinsters belonging to the parish, preference being given to those who have not received any relief under the Poor Law; three tenths to the poor of the said parish yearly on Dec. 27; and two tenths to the sexton or vergier for the purpose of keeping the grave of his late father in good order; and £500 Great Eastern Railway stock to the vicar and churchwardens of the parish of Herne, Kent, four tenths of the dividends to be given to the four eldest and most deserving widows or spinsters of the said parish, in equal shares, on Dec. 27, in memory of his late mother, preference being given to those who have not received relief under the Poor Law, four tenths to the poor of the said parish, and two tenths to the sexton or vergier for the purpose of keeping the grave of his late mother in good condition. The ultimate residue of his property is distributed among his nephews and nieces.

The will (dated Sept. 22, 1890) of Mr. William Johnstone, founder of the Johnstone line of steamers, of Woodslee, Bromborough, Cheshire, who died on Aug. 10, was proved on Feb. 5 by William Johnstone, Robert Johnstone, and Edmund Johnstone, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £2758. The testator devises and bequeaths all his real and personal estate, upon trusts, for sale, then to pay his debts and funeral and testamentary expenses, and to appropriate out of his pure personalty one tenth of the residue of such money and apply the same for the benefit of such charitable institutions or institution and for such purposes of a charitable nature as his trustees shall select. The remaining nine tenths of the residue he leaves, upon trust, for his daughter, Anna Maria Mitchell, for life, and then for his said three sons in equal shares.

The will (dated April 22, 1886), of Mr. Thomas Swinbourne, the well-known actor, and treasurer of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, of 131, Fentiman Road, Clapham, who died on Nov. 4, was proved on Jan. 31 by Miss Jane



THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY—AS IT SHOULD BE.

GUARD (to choking and coughing female): "Here, take a Géraudel's Pastille, and welcome! The Company provides 'em. I've never been afraid of damp, fog, or cold since I carried a case of Géraudel's."

"DELIGHTFUL" TREATMENT FOR CURING CORPULENCE.

The process of curing any physical disorder is so generally the reverse of "delightful" that the use of this and similar terms in reference to Mr. F. C. Russell's now popular treatment for corpulency naturally attracts special attention. These terms are to be found in a large number of the letters included in the just issued eighteenth edition of Mr. Russell's little volume of 256 pages, "Corpulency and the Cure" (Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.). These communications are from persons of both sexes, and it is apparent that their number is represented by thousands annually, who have found in this system of treatment a safe, rapid, and permanent cure for excessive fatness. This testimony forms in the aggregate, indeed, a wonderful record of the rapid reduction of excessive adipose tissue, and those who have personal reasons for being interested in the subject should send to the above address six penny stamps for a copy (post free) of Mr. Russell's notably suggestive little book. "I think the treatment most delightful," writes one out of a large number of equally enthusiastic correspondents. And the expressions; "Admirable tonic," "Splendid stuff," "A delicious beverage, mixed with mineral waters," are of constant recurrence in this singularly interesting correspondence. The details given by many of the writers of these letters as to the results of the treatment fully justify the use of such eulogistic phrases. It must certainly be delightful to experience the sensation of losing unnecessary and dangerous fat by pounds per week, and frequently stones per month, and that by the aid of treatment which simultaneously increases the appetite and renders its reasonable indulgence innocuous. The experience, too, must be rendered still more delightful by the knowledge, which may be gained from a perusal of Mr. Russell's book, that his preparation is a pure vegetable product, without any admixture of the mineral poisons which are too frequently administered. With a candour which also is delightful, Mr. Russell prints in his book the recipe for the preparation.

EXPERIMENTS IN CORPULENCE.

A Mr. Russell, author and specialist in obesity, has experimentally tried the effect of administering large doses to moderately lean persons of his well-known herbal discovery, which is so marvellously effectual in reducing superfluous fat, with the result that there is not the slightest alteration or diminution of weight recorded, thereby demonstrating to obese persons that it is only the unhealthy adipose waste tissue which is destroyed, for after dispensing a few fluid ounces of his remarkable vegetable compounds he succeeds in destroying the diseased fatty mass at the rate of from 2 lb. to even 12 lb. in seven days. There can be no ambiguity about it, for any person can test this for himself by standing on a weighing-machine. He explains that all lean persons carry a certain amount of fat necessary for the natural production of heat in the body, but Nature has only

stored up her requisite stock in the healthy system, which she most zealously guards, and thus declines to part with an ounce to the persuasions of Mr. Russell's vegetable tonic, however immoderate the dose may be, which testifies abundantly to the fact that it is only a chemical solvent of insalubrious adipose tissue. There is no doubt that the inventor of the composition must have possessed a profound vegetable knowledge in selecting this simple but peculiar combination.

Those who resort to the pernicious products of the mineral kingdom, or even the deleterious sections of the vegetable world, doubtless can decoct something powerful but injurious in its action; such, however, require no laudatory commendation; but Mr. Russell (whose address is Woburn House, 27, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., the author of "Corpulency and the Cure," 256 pages, price 6d., stamps, post free) makes no secret of the simplicity of his treatment, and avers that the decoction can be drunk as a refreshing summer drink; pleasant to the palate, yet having sufficient effect, although perfectly harmless, to remove generally 2 lb. or more in twenty-four hours. Stout persons would do well to send for this book, which can be obtained at the address given above.

THE MISERY OF CORPULENCE.

There has just been issued the eighteenth edition of Mr. F. Cecil Russell's "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), the clever little volume which, more than anything else, has brought about a revolution in the treatment of obesity. That the still larger circulation implied by the issue of the new edition of this popular work is necessary is proved by such a paragraph as the following. It appears among the answers to correspondents in the "Dress and Fashion" column of a London Sunday newspaper with a large circulation:—"MISERABLE. A young girl of eighteen ought not to have such a large stomach that no dress looks well. Perhaps you require exercise and dieting." The helpless vagueness of this reply to a young girl who is naturally "miserable" on account of her unseemly obesity is a sufficient evidence that Mr. Russell does well in seeking to make known, even more widely than they are at present, the simplicity, the efficiency, the rapidity, and the delightful surroundings of his treatment for the reduction of superabundant fat. The young girl in question, who might exercise and diet herself for months without any appreciable improvement, may easily learn to imitate the example of thousands of ladies, of all ages, who, by the use of Mr. Russell's pure vegetable preparation, have reduced their weight at the rate of pounds per week, and sometimes (but only when necessary, for the working of the cure is virtually automatic, stopping its effects when the normal limit is reached) stones per month. She may acquire this open secret—for the author makes no mystery about the ingredients of his recipe—by sending six penny stamps to Mr. Russell's offices, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., when a copy of the book will be sent post free. If she follow his instructions, "Miserable," without any fasting regimen,

and without excessive exercise, will find herself being quickly reduced to shapely proportions, with an improved appetite, and full liberty to gratify it.

A POSITIVE REMEDY FOR CORPULENCE.

Any remedy that can be suggested as a cure or alleviation for stoutness will be heartily welcomed. There has recently been issued a well-written book, the author of which seems to know what he is talking about. It is entitled "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), and is a cheap issue (only 6d.), published by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. It appears that Mr. Russell has submitted all kinds of proofs to the English Press. The editor of the *Tablet*, the Catholic organ, writes:—"Mr. Russell does not give us the slightest loophole for a doubt as to the value of his cure, for in the most straightforward and matter-of-fact manner he submitted some hundreds of original and unsolicited testimonial letters for our perusal, and offered us plenty more, if required. To assist him to make this remedy known, we think we cannot do better than publish quotations from some of the letters submitted. The first one, a marchioness, writes from Madrid:—"My son, Count —, has reduced his weight, in twenty-two days, 16 kilos.—i.e., 34lb." Another writes, "So far (six weeks from the commencement of following your system) I have lost fully two stone in weight." The next (a lady) writes: "I am just half the size." A fourth: "I find it is successful in my case. I have lost eight pounds in weight since I commenced (two weeks)." Another writes: "A reduction of 18lb. in a month is a great success." A lady from Bournemouth writes: "I feel much better, have less difficulty in breathing, and can walk about." Again, a lady says: "It reduced me considerably, not only in the body, but all over." The author is very positive. He says: "Step on a weighing-machine on Monday morning, and again on Tuesday, and I guarantee that you have lost two pounds in weight without the slightest harm, and vast improvement in health through ridding the system of unhealthy accumulations."

GOOD NEWS FOR STOUT PERSONS.

It does not follow that a person need be the size of Sir John Falstaff to show that he is unhealthily fat. According to a person's height so should his weight correspond, and this standard has been prepared by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., so that anyone can see at a glance whether or no he is too stout. People in the past have been wont to regard fatness as constitutional, and something to be laughed at rather than to be prescribed for seriously; but this is evidently an error, as persons whose mode of life has caused a certain excess of flesh require treating for the cause of that excess, not by merely stopping further increase, but by removing the cause itself. It is marvellous how this "Pasteur" and "Koch" of English discoverers can actually reduce as much as 14 lb. in seven days with a simple herbal remedy. His book (256 pages) only costs 6d., and he is quite willing to afford all information to those sending as above. It is really well worth reading.

TWO VALUABLE PREPARATIONS.

For the Kitchen. **LIEBIG "COMPANY'S"** For the Sick Room.

EXTRACT OF BEEF.

FINEST MEAT-FLAVOURING STOCK FOR SOUPS, SAUCES, MADE DISHES, &c.

See **BLUE SIGNATURE** *J. Liebig* across Label.

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT.

PEPTONE OF BEEF.

HIGHLY NOURISHING DIET, ESPECIALLY FOR DYSPEPTIC PATIENTS.

PREPARED FROM THE BEST BEEF ONLY.

British Medical Journal: "It is very pleasant to the taste, and is of very good quality."

Samples free to Medical Men on application to LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT COMPANY, LIMITED, 9, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C.

FRAY BENTOS OX TONGUES ARE THE BEST.

ALL GOODS SOLD AT WHOLESALE PRICES. Designs are exact size, and all Goods sent free and Safe by Post. Illustrated Catalogue of Novelties in Jewellery, Silver, and Electro Plate (3000 Illustrations) Post Free.

SPECIAL.—The Association of Diamond Merchants, 6, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C., give highest Prices for Precious Stones, Second-Hand Jewellery, and Old Gold, having customers who prefer Second-Hand Articles. This has been a successful Department with the Association many years. Anything sent to them receives attention by return of post.

Best Gold Brooch, Diamond Head, £1 15s.; with Ruby or Sapphire, £1 7s. 6d.; or with Pearl, £1 15s.

New Ruby & Diamond Pendant, containing 23 Diamonds and 1 Ruby, £5 15s. or with Diamond centre, £6 15s. Larger sizes, £12 15s., £15 15s., £25 10s., & £35 10s. Choice whole Pearl Head Necklace for above, £5 5s.

Handsome Diamond Pendant, containing 50 Brilliants, no Roses; forms also Brooch or Hairpin; Stones set transparent, £17 15s. An Oval Pendant, same pattern, same price.

New Pattern Brooch, 3 Rubies or Sapphires, 2 whole Pearls, 9 Brilliants, and 7 Rose Diamonds, £3 15s.

New Arrow and Tie Brooch, or Hair-Ornament, set with Choice Brilliants, £52 10s.

Fine Diamond Pendant, £35. Hair Brooch or Form also Ornament.

New Comb, set with finest Double-cut White Brilliants, £27 15s. Ornament Unscrews and Forms Brooch.

New Diamond Interchangeable Brooch, £3 3s.

New Best Gold Bracelet, Brilliants and 3 Rubies or Sapphires, containing 13 Brilliants, £8 17s. 6d.

New Double-Heart Brooch, containing 13 Rubies or Sapphires and 27 Brilliants. Stones set transparent, £5 5s.

Two-letter raised monogram, with Diamonds, set with Brilliants, £25 5s. Similar Watch and Ring, in Gold, £22 10s. Second Quality, in Silver, £12 10s. Silver Initial or W.M. Diamond, £2 2s.

Our Special Graded Silver Safety Brooch, containing 10 Brilliants, with 20 Brilliants, £2 12s. 6d.; with 30 Brilliants, £2 12s. 6d.; with 40 Brilliants, £2 12s. 6d.; with 50 Brilliants, £2 12s. 6d.; with 60 Brilliants, £2 12s. 6d.; with 70 Brilliants, £2 12s. 6d.; with 80 Brilliants, £2 12s. 6d.; with 90 Brilliants, £2 12s. 6d.; with 100 Brilliants, £2 12s. 6d.

THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS, JEWELLERS, AND SILVERSMITHS.

Diamond-Cutting Factory, Amsterdam. 6, GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, W.C. Telegraphic Address: "Ruspoli, London."

Price, the sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £2050. The testator gives £500 to Mary Dumbleton, and the residue of his property, both real and personal, to Jane Price for her sole use and benefit.

The will of Colonel the Hon. Nathaniel Henry Charles Massey, of 7, Great Cumberland Place, who died on Jan. 5, was proved on Feb. 10 by the Hon. Mrs. Emily Massey, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £1148.

ECCELESIASTICAL NOTES.

It is proof of Mr. Gladstone's unquenchable delight in ecclesiastical controversy that he has been entranced by the "Life of Cardinal Manning." He has written enthusiastic letters to the biographer, Mr. Purcell, to whom they must have been a great consolation. The curious thing is that Mr. Gladstone is not only delighted with the "Life," but thinks that the character it presents is worthy of the warmest admiration, standing on a pinnacle so high that by such as Mr. Gladstone he can hardly be seen.

The signs of antagonism between the Church of England and Dissent continue to multiply. One clergyman complains of Canon Hammond for saying that Dissenters "preach the Gospel and do good." He says: "Can anyone be said really to preach the Gospel who does not believe in and teach the grace of Baptism? Do any Protestant Dissenters really teach that Baptism conveys the remission of sins,

that it is the new birth of Water and of the Spirit and the entrance into the Kingdom of God? . . . Our only true and honest language to Dissenters must be—'Let them leave their Dissent!'"

Dr. Peter Bayne, who died recently at his residence in Norwood, had a very long career as a religious journalist. He began as Hugh Miller's successor in the editorial chair of the *Edinburgh Witness*, and ended as a writer in the *Christian World* and other papers. Dr. Bayne was an accomplished man, and contributed to the *Fortnightly Review* when it was edited by George Henry Lewes.

The death is announced of Canon Humber, of Winchester, the author of "Memorials of St. Cross Hospital." This hospital was founded in 1136 by Henry de Blois, Bishop of Winchester. A piece of bread and a cup of beer are given, in accordance with the founder's will, to anyone who asks for them. It is well known that Winchester was the "Barchester" of Anthony Trollope.

Canon Knox Little has been discoursing on the question of marriage. He complained of what he called the "floundering theory that the innocent party might be married again. The innocent party was very often the most guilty party. Of course they were very sorry, and would try to comfort a husband or wife who had been sinned against; but this age, as one of their most thoughtful newspapers said, was losing its head with pity." The Canon complained very much about the position of the Bishops, and thought it would be changed if good, strong-

hearted laymen spoke their minds. He did not wonder at it, because of the way their Bishops were appointed. They seemed to fear to speak straight about the faith.

There is general satisfaction about the opening of the Church House, although it has not yet received the necessary amount of support from the laity of the Church. It is said that the first suggestion of the Church House came from Sir Robert Phillimore, but the late Bishop of Carlisle, Dr. Harvey Goodwin, arrested the attention of Churchmen by his proposal to make the Church House the Church's memorial of the Queen's Jubilee.

Archbishop Lewis, of Ontario, is now the senior Bishop of the Anglican communion in the British Empire. He was consecrated thirty-four years ago.

The Rev. W. Hay-Aitken is conducting a mission in Canada with much success, large crowds having gathered to hear him in Montreal, Toronto, and other cities. His finely bearing and delivery and his pointed, straightforward style of preaching are much admired.

The Rev. W. H. Griffith Thomas, Curate of St. Aldate's, Oxford, has accepted the incumbency of Portman Chapel, Baker Street. Mr. Thomas is regarded as one of the most promising of the younger Evangelical clergy.

The Free Church Congress to be held at Nottingham next month promises to be by far the most successful of the series, Nonconformists of all shades of politics having come cordially together in its support. V.











Mappin & Webb's

CHALLENGE CUPS.

Only London Show-Rooms:
158 TO 162, OXFORD STREET, W.
2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.
(Facing the Mansion House.)

Manufacture: The "Royal" Works, Norfolk St., SHEFFIELD.

SELECTIONS FORWARDED
ON
APPROVAL TO ANY PART OF
THE KINGDOM.

SPECIAL DESIGNS AND
PRICES
FREE ON APPLICATION.

NEAVE'S FOOD

BEST AND CHEAPEST.

For INFANTS, INVALIDS, CHILDREN, and the AGED.

"Admirably adapted to the wants of Infants."

SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

IN 1-lb. PATENT AIR-TIGHT TINS, 1s. each.

FOR HEALTH & COMFORT

ONE THING SPECIALLY

NEEDFUL

IN

EVERY

HOUSE.

NEEDFUL

IN

EVERY

HOUSE.



From MRS. PHIBBS.

"Ardert Abbey, Ardert, Ireland,
Oct. 15, 1895.

"I find your 'PYRAMID' FOOD WARMER most invaluable. I keep it going night and day. I have been ill for fifteen years, but am now recovering my health by taking a little warm food every hour and a half.

"S. E. PHIBBS.

"Clarke's Pyramid and Fairy Light
Co., Ltd., London, N.W."

Prices, 3s. 6d., 5s., and 6s. each. Complete with "Burglar's Horror" Lamp.

Sold by all respectable Dealers everywhere. Manufactured by
CLARKE'S PYRAMID & FAIRY LIGHT CO., LTD., Cricklewood, London, N.W.,
 WHERE ALL LETTERS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED.

THE
"Burglar's Horror"

Clarke's "Pyramid" Lights supply a want long felt on sea and land. They warm your food, give pleasant light, And always are at hand.

ELLIMAN'S 1/1 1/2 UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION

For
SPRAINS and
CURBS, SPLINTS
when FORMING,
SPRUNG SINEWS,
CAPPED HOCKS,
OVER-REACHES,
BRUISES and CUTS,
BROKEN KNEES,
SORE SHOULDERS,
SORE THROATS,
SORE BACKS, &c.,
SPRAINS, CUTS,
BRUISES IN DOGS,
CRAMP IN BIRDS.

"I can bear testimony
to the value of your
Embrocation wherever
used in India.

"T. DEANE, Colonel,
Director Army Remount
Dépôt for India.

"Simla, April 27, 1895."

Prepared only by
ELLIMAN, SONS & CO. Slough
England.

STIFFNESS. ACHES. SPRAINS. BRUISES.

ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION

ELLIMAN'S GOOD FOR STEEPLE CHASERS.

ELLIMAN'S
FOR HORSES AND CATTLE
EMBROCATION

AN EXCELLENT GOOD THING FOR ACHES AND PAINS **ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION** ONE SHILLING & THREE HALF PENCE

ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATION

STIFFNESS. ACHES. SPRAINS. BRUISES

Prepared only by
ELLIMAN, SONS & CO.
Slough, ENGLAND.

ACHES AND PAINS.

ELLIMAN'S "eliminates" pain! Rheumatic pains, lumbago, sprains, bruises, slight cuts in healthy persons, sore throat from cold, chest colds, neuralgia from cold, chilblains before broken, corns when painful, tired feet, stiffness from severe exercise, &c., are pains all relieved by a prompt and free use of ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION. In Bottles, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. In Jars, 11s. and 22s.—Prepared only by Elliman, Sons, and Co., Slough.

ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION

For STIFFNESS. ACHES. SPRAINS. BRUISES

Sold only in 1-ounce Packets, and 2, 4, and 8-ounce, and 1-lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in Fine Smoking Condition.



Ask all Tobacco Sellers, Stores, &c., and take no other

THE GENUINE BEARS THE TRADE MARK,
"NOTTINGHAM CASTLE,"
ON EVERY PACKET AND TIN.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES.

In Packets containing 12, and Boxes containing 24, 50, and 100.

BOVRIL
GIVES STRENGTH.
BOVRIL
INCREASES VITALITY.
BOVRIL
MAINTAINS VIGOUR.
BOVRIL
MAKES MUSCLE.
BOVRIL
SUSTAINS HEALTH.

BOVRIL LIMITED, Food Specialists, LONDON, E.C.

DIRECTORS:
The Right Hon. LORD PLAYFAIR, G.C.B., LL.D.; Dr. FARQUHARSON, M.P.;
and Others.

ART NOTES.

The Society of Lady Artists has found in the galleries of the British Artists (Suffolk Street) more advantageous opportunities for displaying its wares than on many previous occasions during the forty years of its existence. It is only fair to add that the present exhibition is in many ways worthy of its improved accommodation. If the Lady Artists had but a little more faith in themselves, and after they had achieved distinction or acquired popularity they would continue to support the society which brought them into notice, its exhibitions might challenge comparison with any where both sexes now struggle for recognition. At the same time the council should be allowed a free hand in the limitation of the works shown by individual members, and a greater power of rejecting those which fail to reach the year's standard of merit. That this year's level is higher than that of many previous years is only half the truth, for the pictures show also a wider range, both of subject and style, and the work throughout is rapidly losing the amateurish tone, which, inevitable in the earlier years, was its chief weakness. Madame Canziani, Miss E. M. Osborn, Mrs. Deric Hardy, Miss Blatherwick, and Miss Ethel Wright are among those

who, having made themselves at home at other exhibitions, still give earnest and valuable support to the Lady Artists, the last named following up her previous success at Burlington House by another clever Pierrot picture, "Trust" (58). Of those who are better known at this gallery, the most interesting work comes from Miss Helen O'Hara, Miss Frances Nesbitt, Mrs. R. H. Wright, Miss Patty Townsend, and Miss Melicent Grose, all of whom are well represented in their respective styles. Among the more recent comers—or, at least, less well-known names—such works as Miss Beta Amoores "Dorset Peasants" (84), Miss M. G. Dyer's "Evening" (154), Miss Madeline Lewis's "Rockford" (162), Miss Alice Grant's portrait of Eileen Burn (189), Miss Lota Bowen's "In the Venetian Country" (352), and Miss Sybil Dowie's "Study of a Head" (416) deserve notice. It is pleasant, too, to find that Madame Bodichon, though no longer one of the lady artists of this world, can still add attractiveness to a cause which she had much at heart by contributing some of her own graceful but sad-toned works.

A new feature of the exhibition is a display of handicrafts by lady artists, who have done well in asserting themselves in this way. Metal-work, carved wood for furniture or ornamental purposes, specimens of book-

binding and embossed leather, needlework and embroidery, gold filagree-work and Vernis-Martin fans—all have their votaries, and in some cases the designs are not only well worked out, but are distinctly original. The influence and teaching of the Kensington School of Wood-Carving, of the Chiswick Art Workers' Guild, and the School of Art Needlework are especially traceable in the various exhibits; but it may be fairly surmised that as this side of the Society of Lady Artists is developed, and its recognition of art in all forms known, we shall on future occasions see a very marked infusion of individual taste and design. Meanwhile, it is only right to congratulate the committee on having thrown open their exhibition to a wider field of art pursuits.

The specimens of the New Black-and-White Art exhibited by Mr. Herkomer at the Fine Art Society's Gallery will attract notice in the first place on account of the novelty of the process; and the results, at all events in Mr. Herkomer's hands, justify the self-satisfaction with which he regards his "improvement in artistic printing surfaces." Whether in the eye of the connoisseur the products will ever replace the old mezzotint engraving which it aspires to imitate is a matter of considerable



Stands Alone!

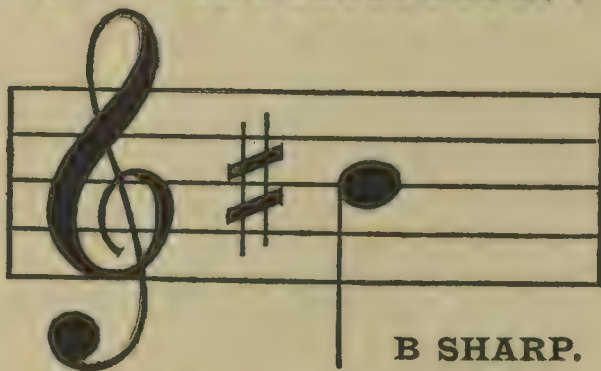
THE PERFECT CEREAL FOOD FOR ALL SEASONS.

An Ideal Breakfast Dish. Quaker Name and Trade Mark on Every Packet. A Dainty, Nutritious Porridge.

Quaker Oats

Sold Everywhere. In 2lb. Packets Only.

**A
NOTE
OF WARNING!**



B SHARP.

Be Sharp

AND

Avoid Imitations

OF

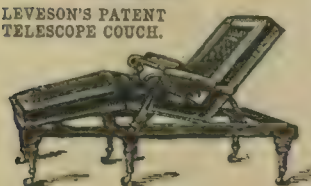
**OGDEN'S
"GUINEA-GOLD"
CIGARETTES**

LEVESON'S

**INVALID CHAIRS
& CARRIAGES.**



Self-Propelling
MERLIN CHAIRS.

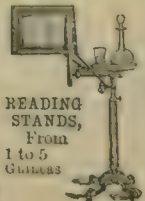


LEVESON'S PATENT
TELESCOPE COUCH.



ILKLEY COUCHES
from 3½ Guineas.

INVALIDS' COMMODE CHAIRS, CARRYING CHAIRS, SPINAL COUCHES AND CARRIAGES, BED-RESTS, LEG-RESTS, CRUTCHES, RECLINING CHAIRS, BED-TABLES, AND EVERY DESCRIPTION OF FURNITURE FOR THE USE OF INVALIDS.

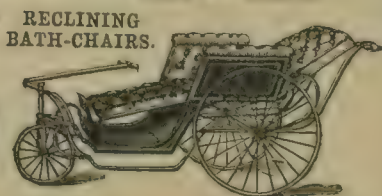
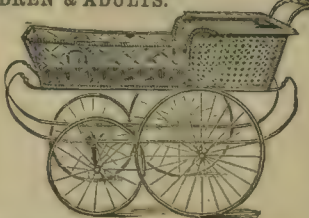


READING STANDS,
From
1 to 5
Guineas

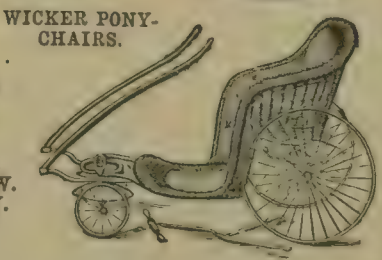


LEVESON'S ADJUSTABLE
LOUNGE. The Leg-Rest
slides under the seat. Neatly
Caned. Price 2 Guineas.

SPINAL CARRIAGES FOR
CHILDREN & ADULTS.

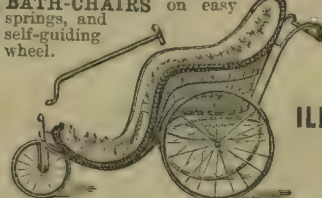


RECLINING
BATH-CHAIRS.

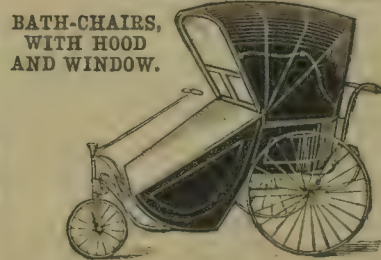


WICKER PONY-
CHAIRS.

LEVESON'S WICKER
BATH-CHAIRS on easy
springs, and
self-guiding
wheel.



LEVESON'S VICTORIA IN-
VALID'S CARRIAGE
with self-guiding
front wheel.



BATH-CHAIRS,
WITH HOOD
AND WINDOW.

**LEVESON'S
PERAMBULATORS.**

NEW DESIGNS FOR 1896,

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.



THE "PARISIEN,"
On Cee Springs.



THE "CANOE," on Cee Springs,
In White or Light Tan Colour.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF INVALID FURNITURE IN THE WORLD.

(Established 1849).

LEVESON & SONS,
90 & 92, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.
21, PARKSIDE, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.
30, HIGH STREET, KENSINGTON, LONDON, W.
35, PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER.
9, ALBION ST., LEEDS.
89, BOLD ST., LIVERPOOL.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.
BRIGHTON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge.
 Also Trains in connection with Kensington, Chelsea, &c.
 Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available one month.
 Pullman Drawing-Room Cars between London and Brighton.
EVERY WEEKDAY Cheap First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.5 a.m. Fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car.
EVERY SATURDAY Cheap First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.40 a.m. and 11.40 a.m.; from London Bridge 9.25 a.m. and 12 noon. Fare 10s. 6d., including admission to Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.
EVERY SUNDAY Cheap First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare 10s.
WEEK-END CHEAP RETURN TICKETS. Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Tuesday. Fares, 14s., 8s. 6d., 6s. 4d.

WORTHING.—Cheap First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria every Weekday 10.5 a.m., every Sunday 10.45 a.m. Fare, including Pullman Car between Victoria and Brighton, weekdays, 13s. 6d., Sundays, 13s.
EVERY SATURDAY Cheap First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.40 a.m. Fare 11s.
WEEK-END CHEAP RETURN TICKETS. Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Tuesday. Fares, 14s., 9s. 6d., 7s.

HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL, AND EASTBOURNE.—Fast Trains every Weekday.
 From Victoria—9.50 a.m., 12 noon, 1.30 p.m., and 3.27 p.m.; also 4.30 p.m. and 5.40 p.m. to Eastbourne only.
 From London Bridge—9.45 a.m., 12.5, 2.5, 4.5, and 5.5 p.m.
WEEK-END CHEAP RETURN TICKETS. Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Monday by certain Trains only. To Hastings or St. Leonards, 18s., 13s., 9s. To Bexhill or Eastbourne, 16s., 11s. 6d., 8s.

PARIS.—SHORTEST & CHEAPEST ROUTE, through the charming Scenery of Normandy, to the Paris terminus near the Madeleine.
VIANEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.
 Two Special Express Services (Weekdays and Sundays).

London to Paris (1 & 2) (1, 2, 3).			Paris to London (1 & 2) (1, 2, 3).		
	a.m.	p.m.		a.m.	p.m.
Victoria .. dep.	10.0	8.50	Paris dep.	10.0	9.0
London Bridge ..	10.0	9.0		p.m.	a.m.
	p.m.		London Bridge, arr.	7.0	7.40
Paris arr.	7.0	8.0	Victoria	7.0	7.50

Fares—Single: First, 34s. 7d.; Second, 25s. 7d.; Third, 18s. 7d. Return: First, 58s. 3d.; Second, 42s. 3d.; Third, 33s. 3d.
 Powerful Steamers with excellent Deck and other Cabins.
 Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.
BRIGHTON AND PARIS.—In connection with the Day Express Service a Special Train leaves Brighton 10.30 a.m. for Newhaven Harbour. Returning at 5.20 p.m.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS see Time Books and Handbills, to be obtained at the Stations, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained: West-End Offices, 28, Regent Street, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings; City Offices: 6, Arthur Street East, and Hays' Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand.
 (By Order) A. SABLE, Secretary and General Manager.

WHERE TO WINTER.

BIARRITZ. GRAND HOTEL.
 Lift at every floor. Electric light throughout. Charming situation facing the ocean. The climate is as mild and delightful as that of Nice and Italy. This splendid establishment, facing the sea and bath, the finest situation in the town, close to golf and lawn-tennis, is famed for its great comfort, excellent cooking, and moderate charges, surpassing all other hotels in the district. It is frequented by the elite, and is the rendezvous of the English colony. During the winter season the terms are from 10/- per day, according to floors occupied. All private rooms are carpeted. Great improvements have been introduced in the Grand Hotel. Calorifiers have been fixed up to heat the entire house. A special omnibus meets travellers for the Grand Hotel at the arrival of the train. Address: Mr. MONTENAT, Grand Hotel, Biarritz.

EGYPT AND INDIA FROM VENICE.

The PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL COMPANY, under Contract with the Government of Italy, will run Steamers regularly from VENICE TO EGYPT (Port Said), and in connection with this service Steamers will also run from VENICE TO BOMBAY at stated intervals without transhipment of passengers or cargo. As the Railway Services between London and Venice are convenient, this new line will afford an excellent opportunity of reaching either Egypt or Bombay.
 PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION CO., 122, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

P. AND O. MAIL-STEAMERS

FROM LONDON TO
 BOMBAY, GIBRALTAR, MALTA, BRINDISI, EGYPT, ADEN, and MADRAS, via BOMBAY
 STRAITS, CHINA, and JAPAN
 CALCUTTA, MADRAS, COLOMBO, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, TASMANIA, and NAPLES
 VENICE and BRINDISI to EGYPT and the EAST
 (Cheap) Return Tickets.
 For Particulars apply at the Company's Offices, 122, Leadenhall Street, E.C.; and 25, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

MR. PEROWNE'S CO-OPERATIVE

CRUISES AND EDUCATIONAL TOURS.
 A THIRTY-GUINEA PALESTINE CRUISE, MARCH 30, including Egypt, Athens, and Constantinople.
 SIXTEEN-GUINEA SPRING TOURS TO ROME. Lectures by Professor Mahaffy, Canon Evans, and others.
 A TWENTY-GUINEA BALTIC CRUISE, MAY 11, including St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Christiania. A Twenty-six Days' Cruise for £21.
 SIXTEEN-GUINEA A-HALF-GUINEA ATHENS TOURS.
 BOSNIA, HERZEGOVINA, and CONSTANTINOPLE, MAY 21.
 A Tour de Luxe conducted by Mr. Boyd-Carpenter.
 ICELANDIC AND NORWEGIAN SUMMER CRUISES.
 SUMMER CRUISE TO GREENLAND AND HUDSON'S BAY.
 Full particulars, with plans of the Steamers, from Mr. Perowne's Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, London, N.W.

ORIENT COMPANY'S YACHTING CRUISES

By the Steam-ship LUSITANIA, 3877 tons register, and GIRONNE, 3876 tons register, from London, as under—
 MOROCCO, SICILY, PALESTINE, and EGYPT.
 The GIRONNE will leave London Feb. 20 for a 57 days' cruise, visiting TANGIER, MALAGA (for Granada), PALMA, VILLAFRANCA (for Nice &c.), PALERMO, TAORMINA, SANTORIN, BEYROUT (for Damascus), HAIFA (for Nazareth), JAFFA (for Jerusalem), ALEXANDRIA (for Cairo), MALTA, ALGIERES, GIBRALTAR, arriving at Plymouth April 16 and London April 17. Passengers leaving London on or before March 3 can overtake the steamer at Villa Franca.
 (CRUISES TO FOLLY.)

For SOUTH OF SPAIN, GREECE, CONSTANTINOPLE, &c.
 Leaving March 31; returning May 16.
 For SICILY, VENICE, CORFU, ALGERIA, &c.
 Leaving April 22; returning May 30.
 String Band, Electric Light, High-Class Cuisine.

F. GREEN & CO., Head Offices.
 Managers: ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and Co., Fenchurch Avenue.
 For particulars of the above and of later cruises apply to the latter firm at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.; or to the West End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, S.W.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.'S PIANOS.

Thomas Oetzmann and Co. desire it to be most distinctly understood that they are Pianoforte Manufacturers only, and that their only address is
 27, BAKER STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON, W.

OETZMANN, of 27, Baker Street, W.

PIANOS, 15s. per MONTH, on Thomas

Oetzmann and Co.'s easy One, Two, or Three Years' System. Carriage free. Tunings free. Cheapest House in London for Sale, Hire, or Three Years' System is THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.'S, 27, Baker Street, Portman Square, W.

PURCHASERS who can pay Cash will find

that the Cheapest House in the Kingdom for new Grand and Cottage Pianos by Broadwood, Collard, Erard, Oetzmann, Steinway, Bechstein, and other makers of repute is THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.'S, 27, Baker Street, London, W., where the merits of the Pianos by the respective makers can be tried side by side. All pianos packed free and forwarded. Only address, 27, Baker Street, W.

JOHN BROADWOOD and SONS'

PIANOFORTES
 For SALE, HIRE, or on the THREE YEARS' SYSTEM.
 Pianos exchanged.
 New and Second-hand Pianofortes.
 JOHN BROADWOOD and SONS,
 Great Pultney Street (near Piccadilly Circus), London, W.

D'ALMAINE'S SALE OF PIANOS,

ORGANS, &c., RETURNED FROM HIRE.
 Ten years' warranty. Easy terms, approval, carriage free.
 Cottages 7, 9, and 11 guineas.
 Class 0, 14 guineas. Class 3, 23 guineas. Class 6, 35 guineas.
 Class 1, 17 guineas. Class 4, 26 guineas. Class 7, 40 guineas.
 Class 2, 20 guineas. Class 5, 30 guineas. Class 8, 50 guineas.
 American Organs by all the best Makers, from 41 guinea upwards. Full price paid will be allowed for any instrument within three years if one of a higher class be taken. Illustrations and particulars post free.—T. D'ALMAINE and CO. (Est. 111 Years), 91, Finsbury Pavement, E.C. Open till 7: Saturdays, 3.

NO MORE ASTHMA from this moment.

Awarded one hundred thousand francs, Gold and Silver Medals, and admitted to be unrivalled.

Particulars gratis and post free from

DR. CLERY, MARSEILLES, FRANCE.

THE FAULKNER DIAMOND

FINEST STONES EVER PRODUCED (Regd.)

Date Brooch, 21s. Diamond Moon, 17s. 6d. Name Brooch, Price 25s.
 Smaller, from 7s.

1896 ANY DATE TO ORDER.

JACK ANY NAME TO ORDER.

Brooch, 10s. 6d. Diamond Butterfly, 21s.

Brooch, 8s. 6d. Pearls and Gold, 35s. Antique, 35s. Gold, 25s.

Cluster Earrings, 21s. pair. Gold, 21s. Gold, 25s. Gold Earrings, 17s. Smaller, 10s.

Diamond Brooch, 8s. 6d. Diamond Links, 28s. pair.

Diamond Shoe Pin, 15s. Brooch, 10s. Diamond and Pearl Bracelet, 45s. Or all Diamonds, 35s.

A. FAULKNER, Manufacturing Jeweller.

ONLY ADDRESS: **KIMBERLEY HOUSE, 98, THE QUADRANT, REGENT ST., W.**
 Established 30 Years. Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.

WHEN STRIVING TO
KEEP THE WOLF FROM THE DOOR
 REMEMBER THAT IT IS NOT ALWAYS
 the cheapest that is the most economic; the vast superiority of

HOVIS

over any other bread, either brown or white, both in its bone and muscle making substances, secures for it the coveted position of the

"CHEAPEST & BEST."

Highest Award at the Food and Cookery Exhibition, London, May 1895.

IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.

The Public are Cautioned against accepting from Bakers spurious imitations of "HOVIS," which, having met with such unprecedented success, is being copied in many instances as closely as can be done without risk.

If any difficulty be experienced in obtaining "HOVIS," or if what is supplied as "HOVIS" is not satisfactory, please write, sending sample (the cost of which will be defrayed), to

S. FITTON & SON, Millers, Macclesfield.
 6d. and 1s. Sample on receipt of Stamps.

NO MORE MEDICINE, PURGING, or EXPENSE for INVALIDS and CHILDREN.

PERFECT DIGESTION, NERVOUS ENERGY, SOUND SLEEP, and the BEAUTY of HEALTH RESTORED by

DU BARRY'S REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD, which cures all disorders of the Stomach and Bowels, the Blood, the Nerves, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Brain, Voice, and Breath—such as Constipation, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Coma, Phlegm, Diarrhoea, Biliousness, Gripe, Acidity, Heartburn, Phlegm, Flatulency, Feverish Breath, Nervous Complaints, Debility, Cough, Asthma, Scarlet, Gastric, Enteric, Typhoid, Yellow, and Bilious Fevers, Rheumatism, Impurities and Poverty of the Blood, Ague, Spasms, Gout, Nausea, and Vomiting after Eating, during Pregnancy, and at Sea; Eruptions, Sleeplessness, Blisters, Noises in the Head and in the Ears, Atrophy, Wasting in Adults and Children. Forty-nine years' invariable success with old and young, even in the most hopeless cases; 100,000 annual cures, including those of H.I.M., the late Emperor Nicholas of Russia, Mr. H. M. Stanley, the African Explorer, the Marchioness of Bréhan, Lord Stuart de Decies, &c.

DU BARRY'S REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD for Invalid Adults and Delicate Children. SAVES FIFTY TIMES its COST in MEDICINE, and IS FOUR TIMES MORE NOURISHING and SUSTAINING, even to an adult, than the best meat, and

ADULTS, as well as Infants and Children LIVE and THRIVE on it better, and at less expense, than on ordinary diet; even to the hard-working man it is more sustaining to muscle and brain than meat.

RESTORING the MUCOUS MEMBRANES throughout the system. **GOOD APPETITE,** Perfect Digestion, Sound Breath. **NEW BLOOD,** Sound Lungs and Nerves, Functional Regularity, Sound Sleep. **VITAL ENERGY,** Hard Muscles, and Cheerfulness of Mind.

EXTRACTS from 100,000 annual cures of cases which had resisted all other treatment.

DR. A. B. GRIFFITHS, F.R.S. (Edin.), Bacteriological Expert, certifies—
 "I have frequently examined DU BARRY'S REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD, and have always found it of uniform composition; it is rich in phosphates, nitrogenous matter (casein, &c.), and salts of potash—the chief constituents of the brain, nerves, bone, blood, and muscle—consequently Du Barry's Food contains all the vital ingredients for the repair of nerves, muscles, digestive system, &c.; and the ingredients of this food are in such a form that they are readily absorbed by the most delicate persons. For disorders of the stomach, blood, nerves, brain, &c., Revalenta Arabica has no equal; in fact it is the best preparation of its kind I have ever examined. I can conscientiously recommend it to medical men and others as a perfect food for invalids and children."
 (Signed) A. B. GRIFFITHS.
 "12, Knowle Road, Brixton, London, July 12, 1894."

NINE YEARS' CONSTIPATION.—"It has cured me of nine years' constipation, declared beyond cure by the best physicians, and given me new life, health, and happiness."—A. SPADARO, Merchant, Alexandria, Egypt.

TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS.—"DU BARRY'S FOOD has perfectly cured many years' fearful pains in the stomach and intestines, and has relieved me of constant nervous irritability, for which my wife has submitted in vain to medical treatment."—V. MOYANO, Cadiz.

KIDNEY DISEASE.—"It has cured me of kidney disease, from which I had suffered fearfully for many years, and which had retarded the most careful medical treatment, and now, at the age of ninety-three, I am perfectly free from disease."—CURE LEROY, Orvaux, France.

SLEEPLESSNESS.—"DU BARRY'S FOOD has cured my daughter, who had suffered fearfully for two years from general debility, nervous irritability, sleeplessness, and total exhaustion, and given her health, sleep, and strength, with hard muscle and cheerfulness."—H. DE MONTLOUIS, Paris.

TYPHOID and DYSENTERY.
 Dr. W. WALLACE ELMESLIE, Surgeon in the P. and O. Service, and late Surgeon in the Imperial Ottoman Navy, writes to the "Lancet" from the Hôpital Militaire Turc, Sofia, Bulgaria (during the late Russo-Turkish War):—"I find DU BARRY'S FOOD is invaluable out here, and in cases of dysentery, typhoid, and ague it is worth its weight in gold. I strongly advise no English surgeons or officers to go into the Turkish camp without it."

IN ATONIC DYSPEPSIA and DEBILITY, after enteric fever, I have prescribed DU BARRY'S FOOD with marked success when everything else was rejected.—T. H. MORRIS, M.B. and C.M., Tylers Town, near Pontypridd.

TYPHUS and BILIOUS FEVERS CURED by DU BARRY'S REVALENTA ARABICA. Dr. Klingenstein writes—"It has secured my full confidence. I had ordered it in cases in which, it is not saying too much, it has worked wonders—viz., in typhus and bilious fevers, to which formerly nearly all patients succumbed. Immediately on receipt of the Revalenta I saved three lives with it, and since then have found it invariably successful, the most fearful symptoms yielding to it within twenty-four hours, and the convalescent regained perfect health rapidly. I consider this Food of inestimable value, and authorize my publishing my appreciation of its merits."—H. KLINGENSTEIN, M.D., Berlin, State of New York, Oct. 19.

DYSPEPSIA.—"DU BARRY'S FOOD and TONIC BISCUITS." A dangerous illness having left my digestive organs too weak to assimilate ordinary food of any kind sufficient to keep me alive. I owe my preservation to Du Barry's Revalenta Food and Biscuits, on which I subsisted for months, recovering a healthy action of the stomach, and strength and muscle, to the astonishment of myself, my medical adviser, and friends.—EDWARD WOOD, West Bank, Bolton, June 14, 1883.

ASTHMA.—"DU BARRY'S FOOD has Cured me of thirty-six years' asthma, which obliged me to get up four or five times every night to relieve my chest from a pressure which threatened suffocation."—REV. S. BOULET, Ecrainville, France.

NEURALGIA.—"DU BARRY'S FOOD is a remedy which I could almost call divine. It has perfectly cured our dear sister Julia, who has been suffering for the last four years with neuralgia in the head, which caused her cruel agony, and left her almost without rest."—REV. J. MONASTIER, Valgeorge, France.

INFANTS' PROSPERITY AND SLEEP. Ever since I fed my baby on DU BARRY'S REVALENTA FOOD he developed wonderfully, being as strong as a child of twice his age. He sleeps soundly all night from eight p.m. to eight a.m., without once waking, and he never cries during the day.—ROSS BEESLEY, 39, Viner Street, York.

PRICES.—"DU BARRY'S REVALENTA ARABICA" suitably packed for all climates. In Tins of 1 lb. at 2s.; 1 lb. 3s. 6d.; 2 lb. 6s.; 3 lb. 10s. 12 lb. 32s.; 24 lb. 60s.; or about 2d. per meal. All Tins carriage free in the United Kingdom. Also

DU BARRY'S TONIC REVALENTA BISCUITS ensure sleep and nervous energy to the most restless and enfeebled. In Tins, 1 lb. 3s. 6d.; 2 lb. 6s.; DU BARRY and CO. (Limited), 77, Regent Street, London, W.; 14, Rue de Castiglione, Paris; and Depot in Melbourne and Wellington, Felton, Grimwade, Christchurch and Dunedin, Kemphorne, Prosser; Brisbane: Elliott Bros.; Adelaide: Faulding; Badminton: Walker and Green; Sydney: Elliott; South Africa: J. H. B. Smith; Cape Town: J. H. B. Smith; Pitt Street; also of Gibbs, Bright, and Co., in Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Dunedin; in Calcutta: Smith, Stanfield, R. Scott Thompson and Co., Government Place; Bombay: José Januario de Souza, Treacher and Co., D. F. Carr and Co., Fracis, Times, and Co.; Goa: Fracis, Times, and Co.; A. M. Gomez and Son; Colombo: Maitland and Co.; Yokohama: Cocking and Co.; New York: Park and Tilford, 917, Broadway; Halifax, N.S.: Avery Brown; Montreal: Sugden, Evans, and Co.; Barbadoes: B. Innis; Gibraltar: Roberts; Malta: Dr. Grci; Brussels: Timmermann; 8, Rue Rouppie; Amsterdam: Hausmann and Heite; Milan: Paganini et Villani; Barcelona: Maly Ribas; Oporto: James Cassels and Co.; and all Grocers and Chemists in every part of the world.

doubt. It must, however, be admitted that under Mr. Herkomer's manipulation such portraits as those of Mr. Onslow Ford, R.A., and Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A., and the four landscapes which are on the same wall, go far to justify the artist's assertion that a greater range of tones and varieties of texture can be attained than by the use of the needle or the graver. Whether or not it will enter into serious competition with existing processes of engraving or reproduction it is not possible to foretell. A good deal will depend upon the deftness of the artist's hand, and a good deal more upon the cost at which copies can be produced and multiplied. In the present exhibition we only see the artists' proofs; and it is impossible to know by how many failures they were preceded. For the present, therefore, notwithstanding Mr. Herkomer's invitation to artists at large to try their hand on "painter-engravings," they will probably for a long time remain his own *spécialité*.

In the same exhibition there is a most interesting collection of highly finished water-colour portraits by Mr. Herkomer of various more or less well-known personages. They are painted with the utmost care, and, in many cases, with greater refinement of feeling than is always the case with Mr. Herkomer's work. Possibly the small scale upon which the portraits are executed will, in a measure, account for this; but, happily, it has not prevented the artist from throwing character as well as life into the various faces of his sitters, among whom painters, politicians, and *littérateurs* are represented.

At the same gallery Mr. Charles Sainton's water-colour drawings will attract the attention of those who formed a high estimate of his fancy from his silver-point etchings. Mr. Sainton deals with fairy-like nymphs, those of his imagination and those of the footlights, and his love of form and outline lift him delicately over some of the

difficulties which the latter offer to the lover of the ideal. Mr. Sainton is a better draughtsman than colourist, and it is just in those floating figures where tone rather than colour predominates that one sees him at his best. He has, however, such a delicate sense of line that one regrets that he should ever think it needful to fill in his figures with the ordinary accessories of life on the stage or off it, and his "Emblems" and children are to us more attractive than his columbines, models, and ballet-girls, or even his fantastic serpentine dancer.

The Lord Mayor of London on Feb. 12 entertained the Masters and Prime Wardens of all the City Companies at dinner at the Mansion House, with Viscount Peel, Viscount Wolseley, and Viscount Cross as his distinguished guests, and several Generals and Admirals, speaking of the British Army and Navy.

THE BEST JUDGES OF CIGARS

NOW OBTAIN THEIR SUPPLIES AT

BENSON'S, 61, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, London.

Really good Foreign Cigars at 16s., 20s., 22s. per 100 (and upwards). Samples, 5 for 1s. (14 Stamps.)

BENSON'S
ENGLISH KEYLESS
"BANK" WATCH.

In Silver Cases, In Silver Cases,



Best London-made Three-quarter Plate English Lever, Chronometer Balance, Jewelled in Rubies, Strong Keyless Action. Is a good knockabout Watch for rough wear at home or abroad at a low price. Price 45s. in Extra Strength Sterling Silver, Crystal Glass Cases. Sent free and safe at my risk to all parts of the World on receipt of Draft, Cash, or P.O.O., payable at G.P.O.

J. W. BENSON,
THE STEAM FACTORY,
62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.
And at 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C., and
25, OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.

EDUCATION.—Information and Advice as to Schools or Tutors may be obtained, FREE OF CHARGE, by sending a statement of requirements to R. J. BEEVOR, M.A., 8, Lancaster Place, Strand, W.C.

WILLIAM WOODLAND (Son of the late REV. WM. WOODLAND, formerly of Woolwich, Kent, England), who left England for Australia between 1840 and 1850, or his Widow, may hear of something to their advantage by applying to Mr. A. GODFREY WELLS, Founder's Hall, St. Swinburn's Lane, London, England; Solicitor.

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
BOILING WATER OR MILK.

GUNS & RIFLES.
New and Secondhand.
Largest Stock in London.
Lists Post Free.
D. W. EVANS, 63, PAUL MALL, LONDON.

DISFIGURING HUMOURS
Prevented by
Cuticura SOAP
When All Else Fails
CUTICURA SOAP purifies and beautifies the skin, scalp, and hair by restoring to healthy activity the CLOGGED, INFLAMED, IRRITATED, SLUGGISH, or OVERWORKED PORES.

Sold throughout the world, and especially by English and American chemists in all the principal cities. British depot: F. NEWBURY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. FOREIGN DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U.S.A.

DR. HARRIS ON SOUTH AFRICA.

THE NEW REVIEW FOR MARCH will contain an important ARTICLE by DR. F. RUTHERFORD HARRIS, Member of the Cape Legislative Assembly, and African Secretary of the Chartered Company.

IMPORTANT TO CHARTERED COMPANY SHAREHOLDERS.

THE NEW REVIEW FOR MARCH will contain: The Fate of South Africa, by Dr. F. Rutherford Harris—A Noble Lady, by Mrs. Oliphant—Manning, by Catholicus—Dumas, by Henry James—Concerning Prigs, by Maxwell Gray—and nine other articles by well-known writers.

THE NEW REVIEW, edited by W. E. HENLEY. Price 1s. London: WM. HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford Street, W.C.

CULLETON'S HERALDIC OFFICE (Established half a century).—Searches and Authentic Information respecting Family Arms and Pedigrees. Crest and Motto in heraldic colours, 7s. 6d. Book-plates engraved in Modern and Mediaeval styles. Heraldic Seal Engraving. ILLUMINATED ADDRESSES ON VELLUM. Prospectus post free.—25, Cranbourn Street, London, W.C.

CRESTED STATIONERY.—CULLETON'S GUINIA BOX.—Best quality Paper and Square Court Envelopes, all stamped in colour with Crest, or with Monogram, or Address. No charge for engraving steel die. Signet rings, 18 carat, from 42s. Card plate and 50 best visiting-cards, 2s. 6d.; ladies', 3s. Wedding and invitation cards. Specimens free. **T. CULLETON**, 25, Cranbourn Street, London, W.C.

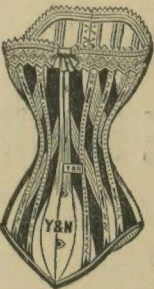
ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—NOTICE TO ARTISTS.—The days for receiving PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS, &c., are FRIDAY, SATURDAY, and MONDAY, MARCH 27, 28, and 30; and for SCULPTURE, TUESDAY, MARCH 31. Forms and Labels can be obtained from the Academy during the month of March on receipt of a stamped and directed envelope.

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE is the only thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most eminent Skin Doctors. Post free. Sent for 14 or 36 penny stamps. **J. TAYLOR**, Chemist, 13, Baker Street, London, W.

S. Sainsbury's
Established 1839.

Manufactory: 176 & 177, STRAND, LONDON.

EXQUISITE MODELS, PERFECT FIT, GUARANTEED WEAR.



THE Y&N
PATENT DIAGONAL SEAM CORSETS

Will not split in the Seams nor tear in the Fabric. Made in White, Black, and all the Fashionable Colours and Shades in Italian Cloth, Satin, and Coutil; 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11 per pair and upwards.

CAUTION.—Every Genuine Y & N Corset is Stamped. Three Gold Medals. Sold by all Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters.

THE SURGICAL AID SOCIETY

CHIEF OFFICE: SALISBURY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.
President: THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.
The SURGICAL AID SOCIETY supplies Trusses, Elastic Stockings, Crutches, Artificial Limbs, Artificial Eyes, &c., and every other description of mechanical support to the poor, without limit as to locality or disease. WATER BEDS AND INVALID CHAIRS AND COUCHES ARE LENT TO THE AFFLICTED UPON THE RECOMMENDATION OF SUBSCRIBERS.

20,046 Appliances Given in 1895.
Annual Subscription of 10s. 6d., or Life Subscription of 5 Guineas, entitles to Two Recommendations per Annum the number of Letters increasing in proportion to amount of contribution.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND DONATIONS are earnestly solicited, and will be thankfully received by the Bankers, Messrs. Barclay and Co., Lombard Street; or by the Secretary, at the Office of the Society.

RICHARD C. TRESIDDER, Secretary.

Ladies are requested to write for Patterns of
THE CELEBRATED "LOUIS" VELVETEEN
TO
THOS. WALLIS & CO., Ltd., Holborn Circus, London, E.C.

GOLD MEDAL, HEALTH EXHIBITION, LONDON.
BENGER'S FOOD
For Infants Invalids and the Aged
MOST DELICIOUS, NUTRITIVE, AND DIGESTIBLE.
"Retained when all other Foods are rejected."—London Medical Record.
An EMINENT SURGEON writes: "After a lengthened experience of Foods, both at home and in India, I consider 'Benger's Food' incomparably superior to any I have ever prescribed."
A LADY writes: "I consider that, humanly speaking, Benger's Food entirely saved baby's life. I had tried four other well-known foods, but he could digest nothing until we began the 'Benger.' He is now rosy and fattening rapidly."
Benger's Food is sold in Tins by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

DALY'S THEATRE.

AN ARTIST'S MODEL. EVERY EVENING, at 8.15. MATINEES SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, W. MAGNIFICENT SUCCESS OF THE GIGANTIC THIRTY-FIRST ANNUAL CHRISTMAS CARNAVAL PROGRAMME. Nightly at 8, and Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays at 3. Manager, Mr. LAWRENCE BROUGH.

OLYMPIA.—GRAND SPORTING AND MILITARY SHOW. Olympia's Greatest Success. Twice Daily, 2 and 8. Cycling Extraordinary on the Olympia Track. Full Band of H.M. Scots Guards, Riviere's Grand Orchestra, and the Olympia Orchestral Band.—General Manager, Sir Augustus Harris.

REAL ICE SKATING at NIAGARA HALL.

ST. JAMES'S PARK STATION. The Largest and Finest Skating Rink in the World. Admission to Skating Hall: 9.30 to 1.35; 3 to 6.30, 5s.; 8 to 11.30, 3s. Admission to Balcony and Skating Hall and Panorama: 9.30 to 1.15; 3 to 6.30, 2s.; 8 to 11.15, 1s. FIRST-CLASS ORCHESTRA.

LANGFORD HALL AND SHOOTING.

TO BE LET, from April 6, 1896, Langford Hall, near Newark, with about 104 acres of land, and shooting over about 1200 acres, as recently occupied by the late W. H. C. Oates. The Hall is situated 2½ miles from Newark, where there are stations on both Great Northern (main line) and Midland Railways. Earlier possession could be had by arrangement.—Apply WILLIAM WRIGHT, Esq., Wollaton, Nottingham.

St. Raphael Tannin Wine.

FORMULA OF DRS. PASTEUR AND BOUCHARDAT. The best known Tonic for Women, Children, Convalescents (Consumption and Indigestion). No Bottle genuine without a label round the neck bearing name and address of E. GALLAIS and CO., 90, PICCADILLY, LONDON. Sole Consignees for the United Kingdom.

Sold throughout the Country.
Lavender Water

JOHN WALKER, WATCH and CLOCK MAKER.

77, CORNHILL, and 230, REGENT STREET. "The Cornhill" Silver Crystal-face Keyless Lever Watch, with Chronometer balance, 45 5s. Gold Keyless Lever Watches, from 20 10s. Chinese Clocks in great variety. Illustrated Catalogue of Watches and Clocks, with prices, sent free.

TO LADIES.
All the most beautiful women use
CRÈME SIMON.
Mme. ADELINA PATTI says: "Have found it very good indeed." For all irritations of the skin it is unequalled. CHAPS, REDNESS, ROUGHNESS disappear as if by magic. Paris: 13, Rue Grange Batellere. LONDON: Merrens, 64, Holborn Viaduct, E.C. Chemists, Druggists, Perfumers, and Stores.

METZLER'S SPECIALITIES.

METZLER'S KEYED INSTRUMENTS. METZLER'S STRINGED INSTRUMENTS. METZLER'S WIND AND BRASS INSTRUMENTS.

MASON and HAMLIN ORGANS.—New Church Model, £30. New Saloon Model, £45. New Portable Model, £10. MASON and HAMLIN ORGANS.—25 per cent. discount for cash. On hire from 10s. per month. On the three years' system from £2 per quarter. MUSTEL ORCHESTRAL ORGANS.—New Concert Model. New Drawing-room Model. On the three years' system from £17 10s. per quarter. RONISCH PIANOS.—25 per cent. discount for cash. On hire from 21s. per month. On the three years' system from £4 per quarter. METZLER'S PIANOS.—25 per cent. discount for cash. On hire from 10s. per month. On the three years' system from £2 per quarter. METZLER'S HARMONIUMS. 25 per cent. discount for cash. On hire from 10s. per month. On the three years' system from £2 per quarter. COLLIN-MEZIN VIOLINS. Illustrated Catalogues Gratis and Post Free.

METZLER and CO., 40 to 43, GREAT MARLBOROUGH ST., LONDON, W.

GREAT AND INSTANTANEOUS SUCCESS.

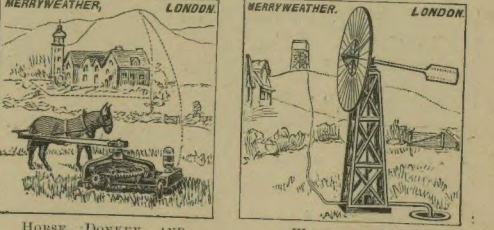
DEAR MOTHER ENGLAND. Written by CLEMENT SCOTT. Composed by J. M. COWARD, and Sung by COLIN COOP in "The Shop Girl" at the Gaiety Theatre. 2s. net, post free. Copies now ready.

METZLER and CO., 40 to 43, GREAT MARLBOROUGH ST., LONDON; And of all Music-sellers.

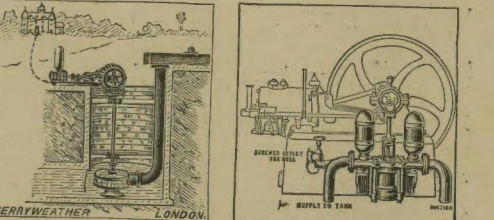
FOR SALE.—Back Numbers of "Illustrated London News," from 1873 to 1890; also the "Field," 1875 to 1894, omitting 1880. Complete, with few exceptions. Apply to COLONEL BURNFORD, R.E., Rackenford Lodge, Weybridge.

MERRYWEATHERS' "WATER SUPPLY TO MANSIONS."

"The Times" says: "A Practical Pamphlet."



HORSE, DONKEY, AND BULLOCK PUMP. WINDMILL PUMP.



TURBINE ERECTED, WITH PUMPS. GAS-ENGINE PUMP.

For Water Supply or Fire Engine. MERRYWEATHER & SONS, Water Finders and Erectors of every class of Machinery for Pumping Water from all sources. Pumps operated by electricity, oil, gas, steam, wind, turbine, or ram. Wells Bored, Dams and Reservoirs Erected; Water Softened and Filtered by an improved and inexpensive process.

Largest and Oldest Makers of Fire-Engines, and Largest Makers of High-Class Hose-Pipes in the World. All work guaranteed.

66 GOLD MEDALS. Established 202 Years. CALL AND SEE THE PATENT SELF-ACTING PRESSURE AUGMENTER, MERRYWEATHERS'

63, LONG ACRE, W.C.; & WORKS, GREENWICH RD., S.E.

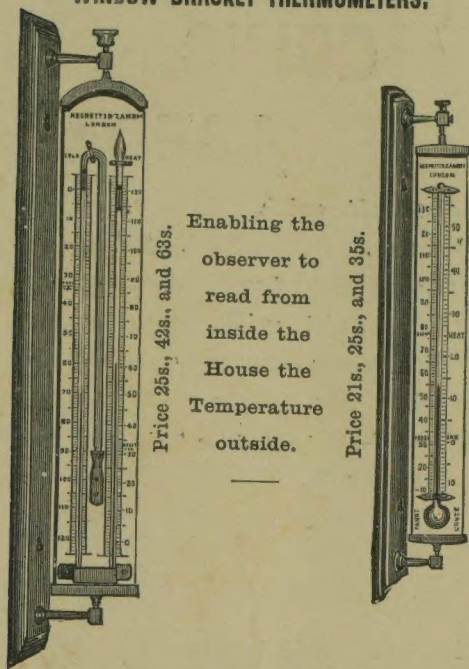
HOVENDEN'S EASY HAIR CURLER
TRADE MARK
PRICE 6^d. PER BOX.

They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no skill to use. Made in Five Colours. 12 CURLERS IN BOX. FREE BY POST, 8 STAMPS. Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS, now being sold by Drapers and Others. The Genuine bear our TRADE MARK on the Right-Hand Corner of each Label.

WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST., W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA'S WINDOW-BRACKET THERMOMETERS.



Enabling the
observer to
read from
inside the
House the
Temperature
outside.

Thermometers for Sitting and Bed-Rooms, 1s. 6d. each.
Registering Minimum Thermometers, 3s. 6d. each.
ILLUSTRATED PRICE-LISTS FREE TO ALL PARTS OF
THE WORLD.

NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA,
Scientific Instrument Makers to Her Majesty the Queen
and British and Foreign Governments.
38, HOLBORN VIADUCT.
BRANCHES—45, Cornhill, and 122, Regent Street, London.
Photographic Studios—Crystal Palace.



CATALOGUES POST FREE.

THE REVOLUTION IN CYCLING.

THE SIMPSON LEVER CHAIN

- (1) Holds all best records;
- (2) Increases EASE and SPEED;
- (3) Diminishes FRICTION and EXERTION;
- (4) Indispensable to LADIES—enabled by it to ride with perfect GRACE and COMFORT.

N.B.—Can be fitted to all Machines. On view
at 16, King Street, St. James's, S.W.

HOOPING COUGH.

CROUP.

ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION.

THE celebrated effectual cure without
internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W.
EDWARDS and SON, 157, Queen Victoria Street, London, whose
names are engraved on the Government Stamp.
Sold by all Chemists. Price 4s. per Bottle.

OLD SHIRTS RE-FRONTED,
wrist and collar banded, fine linen, three for 6s.; superior,
7s. 6d. extra. Send three (not less), must be prepaid. Returned
ready for use, carriage paid. **RICHARD FORD & CO., 41, Poultry,**
London.

THE SWAN FOUNTAIN PEN

MANUFACTURED IN THREE SIZES, AT

10/6, 16/6, & 25/-
EACH.

"LADY HENRY SOMERSET"

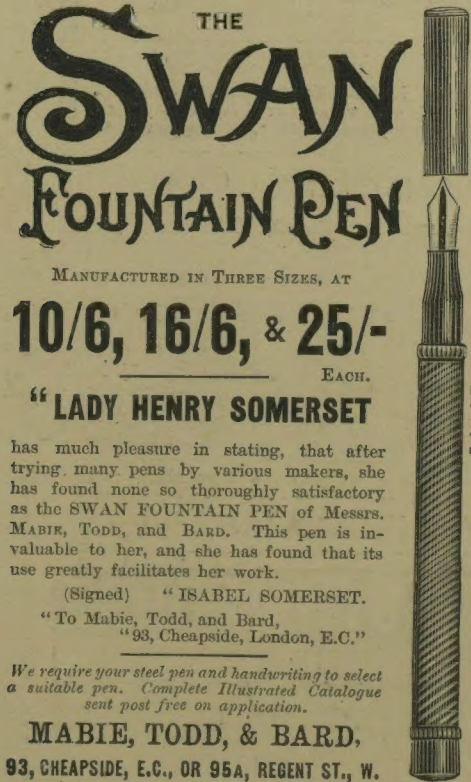
has much pleasure in stating, that after
trying many pens by various makers, she
has found none so thoroughly satisfactory
as the SWAN FOUNTAIN PEN of Messrs.
MABIE, TODD, and BARD. This pen is in-
valuable to her, and she has found that its
use greatly facilitates her work.

(Signed) "ISABEL SOMERSET."

"To Mabie, Todd, and Bard,
"93, Cheapside, London, E.C."

We require your steel pen and handwriting to select
a suitable pen. Complete Illustrated Catalogue
sent post free on application.

MABIE, TODD, & BARD,
93, CHEAPSIDE, E.C., OR 95A, REGENT ST., W.



THE "REX" SHIRT.

TAILOR-MADE. PERFECT FITTING.

NO BULGING OF THE FRONT.

4/6, 5/6, 6/6, 7/6, 8/6.

SAMPLE SHIRT ON APPLICATION.

PETER ROBINSON,

GENTLEMEN'S COMPLETE OUTFITTER,
204 to 212, OXFORD ST.

Via TO THE CONTINENT. QUEENBORO'-FLUSHING. ROYAL DUTCH MAIL.

GREAT SAVING IN TIME. GREAT IMPROVEMENTS IN SERVICE.
The magnificent new 21-Knot PADDLE-STEAMERS, built by the Fairfield Co., of Glasgow, are now running in this Service.
BERLIN—LONDON in 20 Hours ... Arrival Berlin, 8.23 p.m.
LONDON—DRESDEN in 28 Hours ... Arrival Dresden, 12.31 a.m.
Etc. ZEELAND STEAM-SHIP COMPANY, Flushing.

ALL HEADACHES INSTANTLY CURED OR MONEY REFUNDED.

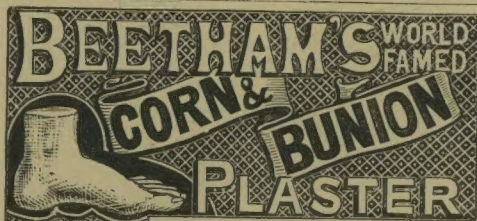
LEGAL GUARANTEE.

7 1/2 D. EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER, the most
successful American Remedy, is an effervescent
powder, taken in water. If three doses do not
cure any headache, no matter how caused, send
the bottle to us, saying where obtained, AND
WE WILL AT ONCE REFUND
THE PRICE. Trial bottle, post free, 7 1/2 d. Larger
sizes, 1s. 1 1/2 d. and 2s. 3d. Sold by many Chemists, or
obtained to order by almost all.

EMERSON DRUG COMPANY, Ltd.,
46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Insist on Full Name—

EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER.



THOUSANDS HAVE
BEEN CURED, some
of whom had suffered for
fifty years without being able
to get relief from any other
remedy.

READ
THIS

"Angel Hotel, Abergavenny, Jan. 20, 1895.
"Sir,—I applied your Corn Plaster to two corns
under the foot, and they both came out. I can now
walk quite comfortably, although I had suffered for
years, and had tried nearly every advertised remedy
without relief.—Yours obediently, G. FRANCOMBE."

A trial of a Box earnestly solicited, as immediate relief is sure.
Boxes, 1s. 1 1/2 d., of all Chemists, or sent Post Free for Fourteen Stamps, from the Proprietors,
M. BEETHAM AND SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.

Is the BEST REMEDY ever
discovered. It acts like magic in
relieving all pain and throbbing,
and soon cures the most obstinate
Corns and Bunions. It is
especially useful for reducing
Enlarged Great-Toe Joints.

"Lanoline"

Highest Award at Chicago '93



Prepared from the purified fat of—
lamb's wool is similar to the fat of the
skin & hair. It is their natural nutrient.

Toilet "Lanoline"

6 1/2 & 1 1/2. A soothing emollient for
health and beauty of the skin.
For the complexion. Prevents wrinkles
sunburn and chapping.

"Lanoline" Toilet Soap

(No caustic free alkali) 6 1/2 & 1 1/2.
Renders the most sensitive skins,
healthy clear and elastic.

"Lanoline" Pomade

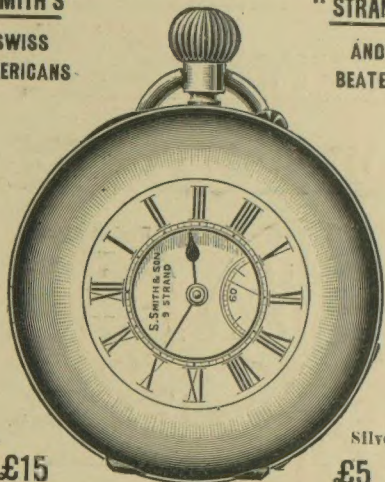
Nourishes, invigorates and
beautifies the hair, Prevents dandruff by its cleansing properties.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS.
Wholesale Depot 67 Holborn Viaduct, London.

S. SMITH & SON, 9, STRAND, W.C.

SMITH'S
SWISS
AMERICANS

"STRAND"
AND
BEATEN.



18-ct.
Gold, £15

Silver,
£5 5s.

ALL ENGLISH.—Watch for Hard Wear and Accurate
Timekeeping.

HEAVY, Damp and Dust Proof, Open Face, Crystal Glass,
Half Hunting or Full Hunting Cases, Three-Quarter Plate,
HALF CHRONOMETER, Fully Jewelled. A Watch of
High Quality, and the most EXCEPTIONAL VALUE
ever produced.



WATCHMAKERS TO THE ADMIRALTY.

Old Watches & Jewellery taken in Exchange.

Certificate and Warranty with every Watch. Postage
Free at our own Risk.

Send for Treatise on the Purchase of a Watch, 140 pp. 320 Illus.
post free.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST. Manufacturers
to the Queen.
And at 170, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

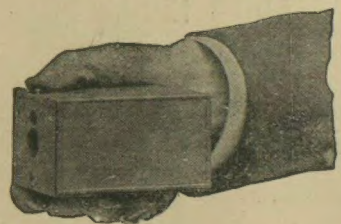
CAMBRIC Children's 13 doz. | Hemstitched.
Ladies' 23 " | Ladies' 29 doz.
Gents' 33 " | Gents' 311 "

POCKET "The Irish Cambrics of Messrs.
ROBINSON & CLEAVER have a
world-wide fame."—The Queen.

HANDKERCHIEFS.

SAMPLES AND PRICE-
LISTS POST FREE.
N.B.—All inquiries for Samples and Letter Orders should be
sent direct to Belfast as hitherto.

POCKET ... KODAK.



A perfect camera on a small scale.

Weights only 5 ounces.

Size of Picture, 1 1/2 x 2 inches.

Loaded in daylight.

One button does it—sets the shutter,

and changes action from time to in-

stantaneous.

Made of aluminium, and covered with

leather.

Price, with 12 Exposures of Film,

£1 1s.

EASTMAN

Photographic Materials

Co. Limited,

115-117 Oxford St., London, W.

FREE BEAUTY FOR A POST CARD.

Your name and address on a (1d.) post card, mailed to
Wright & Co., Chemists, Detroit, Mich., U.S.A.,
will bring you a free sample of Wright's Antiseptic Myrrh
Tooth Soap. It gives beautiful, white teeth, preserves the
enamel, heals sore gums, prevents decay, and is delight-
ful and refreshing to the mouth; no soapy taste. Sold by
chemists and recommended by dentists everywhere. Take
no substitute. Large box sent post paid for 1/- in stamps.
Geo. W. Timms, Dentist, 9, Wimpole St., London,
says: "I am using your Myrrh Tooth Soap and find it
by a long way the best of all preparations for the teeth. I
commend it to all those interested in good teeth."
James Gater, Dental Surgeon, 21, Victoria Rd., Peckham,
S.E., says: "Your Myrrh Tooth Soap is the best prepara-
tion for the teeth I know of. I strongly recommend it to
my patients."
Wm. Parker, Chemist, Sydney, N.S.W., says: "I
always hear your Myrrh Tooth Soap well spoken of. It
is now much in demand."

DUNLOP

Pneumatic

Tyres

for Carriages



DUNLOP TYRES HAVE BECOME UNIVERSAL FOR CYCLES; THEY POSSESS EQUAL ADVANTAGES

Perfect ease.

Absolute Noiselessness.

Reduction of draught by one third.

Can be fitted to present wheels.

No trouble.

Suitable for roughest roads.

The Pneumatic Tyre Co., Ltd.,
14 Regent Street, S.W.
(near Waterloo Place.)

The late Earl of Beaconsfield,
Sir Morell Mackenzie,
Oliver Wendell Holmes,
Miss Emily Faithful,
The late Gen. W. T. Sherman,
and many other persons of distinction have testified to the remarkable efficacy of

HIMROD'S

CURE FOR

ASTHMA

Established nearly a quarter of a century.
Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world.
It is used as an inhalation and without any after bad effects.
A Free Sample and detailed Testimonials free by post.
In Tins, 4s. 3d.
British Depot—46, Holborn Viaduct, London.
Also of Newbery & Sons, Barclay & Sons, Lynch & Co.,
J. Sanger & Son, W. Edwards & Son, May, Roberts & Co.,
John Thompson, Liverpool, and all Wholesale Houses.

Geo. W. Hughes

PENS

Assorted sample box, 6 stamps.
St. Paul's Pen Works, Birmingham.

ED. PINAUD

PARIS. 37, Bd de Strasbourg.

ED. PINAUD'S Celebrated Perfumes
VIOLET OF PARMA THEODORA
IXORA BREONI AIDA

ED. PINAUD'S QUININE WATER
The world-renowned hair
tonic; prevents the hair from falling off.

ED. PINAUD'S IXORA SOAP
The best soap known.

Sold by all First-class Perfumers.
Wholesale: R. HOVENDEN & SONS
31, Berners Street (Oxford Street), London, W.

JUNO Cycles

are the VERY BEST.



THE JUNO

EASY TERMS

LISTS POST FREE

New Season List of JUNO Cycles and Cycle Sundries now ready; sent Post Free to any part of the world. Machines shipped to all parts. Roadsters, Racers, Ladies', and Military Cycles. JUNO Lady Safeties a Speciality.

CASH DISC & CARRIAGE PAID


Metropolitan Machinists' Company, Ltd.,
75 & 76, BISHOPSGATE WITHOUT, LONDON, E.C.
N.B.—Every JUNO guaranteed.

G. E. LEWIS'S GUNS.

"The Gun of the Period."

TRADE MARK REGISTERED.

AS AN EJECTOR.



ONLY EJECTS EXPLODED CARTRIDGE EJECTING FROM FOREND.

Illustrated Catalogue, 6d.; Abroad, 1s.

We are now making above with an ejector, the newest and best, hammerless, or with hammers, price 20 to 40 guineas, with English, Damascus, or steel barrels, choke or cylinder bores. Rifles, 5 guineas extra, or Colonial model, i.e., one pair rifle barrels Express, or long range, with extra shot barrels fitting same stock, price 40 to 60 guineas. Workmanship and shooting guaranteed.

G. E. LEWIS, GUN MAKER, BIRMINGHAM. (Established 1830).



DREW & SONS

Inventors and Sole Makers of the

New Patent WOOD FIBRE TRUNKS.

LIGHTER, STRONGER,
GREATER PACKING CAPACITY THAN
TRUNKS OF USUAL MAKE.

Prices from
50/- THE TRUNK
FOR CONTINENTAL USE.

Col. J. L. T. writes:
"The Trunks I bought from you, made of your Patent Compressed WOOD FIBRE, stand the very rough wear of Continental travelling remarkably well."

Covered in Dark Brown Waterproof Sail Cloth, bound Solid Leather OR covered entirely in Solid Hide.

Specialists in the Manufacture of
DRESSING BAGS, FITTED SUIT CASES,
PATENT "EN ROUTE" TEA BASKETS.

DREW AND SONS, Makers to the Royal Family,
33, 35, & 37, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON, W

Catalogues free by post.

ADAMS'S

FURNITURE

POLISH.

THE OLDEST AND BEST.

"THE QUEEN"

Feels no hesitation in recommending its use—
Dec. 22, 1883.
Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, Cabinetmakers,
Oilmen, &c.
MANUFACTORY: VALLEY ROAD, SHEFFIELD.

Vinolia

SOAP (for Sensitive Skins), Premier Vinolia Soap, 4d. per Tablet.
CREAM (for Itching, Eczema, Face Spots). 1/1½, 1/9.
POWDER (for Nursery, Redness, Roughness, etc.) 1/-, 1/9.

DOES NOT
CORRODE THE
SKIN; KEEPS
IT SMOOTH
and VELVETY.

In Use all over the Globe.

THE BEST. THE SAFEST. THE OLDEST PATENT MEDICINE.

Free from Mercury. Of Vegetable Drugs.

COCKLE'S

ANTI-BILIOUS

PILLS

FOR

BILE,

LIVER,

HEADACHE,

HEARTBURN,

INDIGESTION,

ETC.

A RIDE TO KHIVA.

By Capt. Fred. Burnaby, R.H.G.

"Two pairs of boots lined with fur were also taken; and for physic—with which it is as well to be supplied when travelling in out-of-the-way places—some Quinine and Cockle's Pills, the latter a most invaluable medicine, and one which I have used on the natives of Central Africa with the greatest possible success. In fact, the marvelous effects produced upon the mind and body of an Arab Sheikh, who was impervious to all native medicines when I administered to him five
COCKLE'S PILLS,
will never fade from my memory; and a friend of mine who passed through the same district many months afterwards, informed me that my fame as a 'medicine man' had not died out."

BEFORE
GOING
ABROAD

"Consult with Messrs. Silver and Co., of Cornhill. This firm has supplied travellers, including myself, with their outfit, and know exactly what is needed for every part of the Globe."—Extract from "Notes on Outfit," by Sir H. H. JOHNSTON, K.C.B., Imperial Commissioner and Consul-General, BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA.

PRICE LISTS ON APPLICATION TO
S. W. SILVER & CO.,
SUN COURT, 67, CORNHILL,
LONDON, E.C.



NUBIAN TAN PASTE

FOR POLISHING
BROWN BOOTS & SHOES

GIVES A HIGH LUSTRE WITH LITTLE LABOUR
DOES NOT STAIN THE LEATHER

BLACK & WHITE PASTE,
For Polishing & Renovating
Patent Leather, Glacé Kid,
Harness, etc.
Try it, and you will find it The Best.
In Screw-capped Bottles 6d. each.

NUBIAN



WATERPROOF
BLACKING

POLISHES WITHOUT
BRUSHING
LADIES, GENTLEMEN'S
AND CHILDREN'S
BOOTS & SHOES
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, ALSO
TRAVELLING BAGS,
HARNESS,
AND ALL KINDS OF
LEATHER GOODS

Nubian Manufacturing Co., Ltd.,
GREAT SAFFRON HILL, LONDON, E.C.

HOLBEIN CASKET.



Copied from an Original Design by HOLBEIN. In Solid Brass. Beautifully Finished. List Free. To be Obtained ONLY at
FISHER'S, 188, STRAND.

ASTHMA CURE

GRIMAULT'S INDIAN CIGARETTES

Difficulty in Expectoration. Asthma. Nervous Coughs, Catarrh. Sleeplessness and Oppression immediately relieved by Grimault and Co's Indian Cigarettes, 1s. 9d. per box all Chemists, or post free Wilcox, 239, Oxford St. London, W.

LONDON: Printed and Published at the Office, 198, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of London, by INGRAM BROTHERS, 198, Strand, aforesaid.—SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1896.